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THE UNLEASHING OF RICHARD M. NIXON

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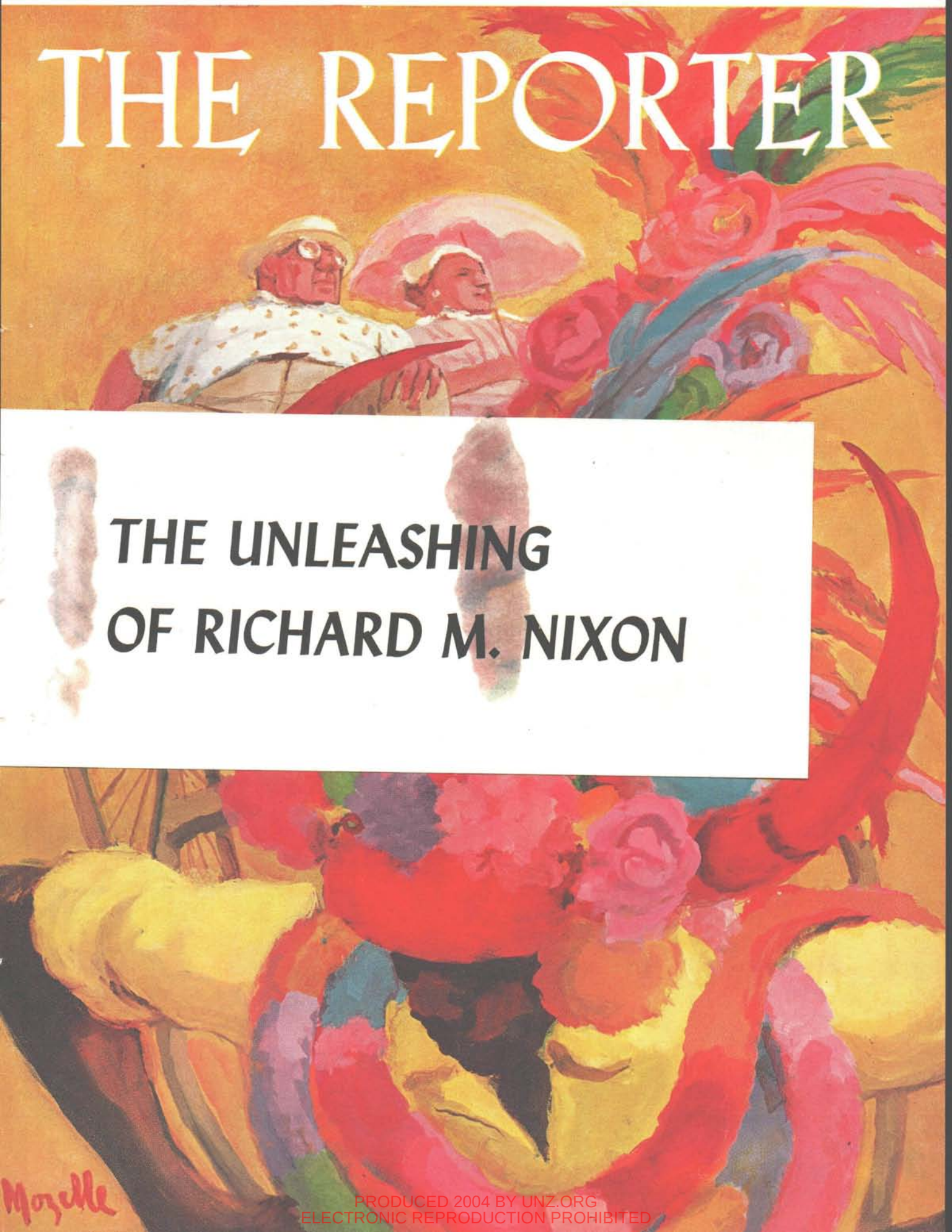

THE UNLEASHING OF RICHARD M. NIXON

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Is a well-rounded man sometimes a hollow man?

A message from **Dr. Mortimer J. Adler**
Director of the Institute for Philosophical Research
Editor of the SYNTOPICON

"A great deal of emphasis has been placed on the importance of the well-rounded man. It is a label which is generally regarded as desirable, but too often we mistake participation in a variety of activities as the sign of a well-rounded man. Too many of us overlook completely the real meaning of the words – the development of a whole person. We keep ourselves so busy with the external manifestations of well-rounded interests that we neglect to fill our minds to any significant depth.

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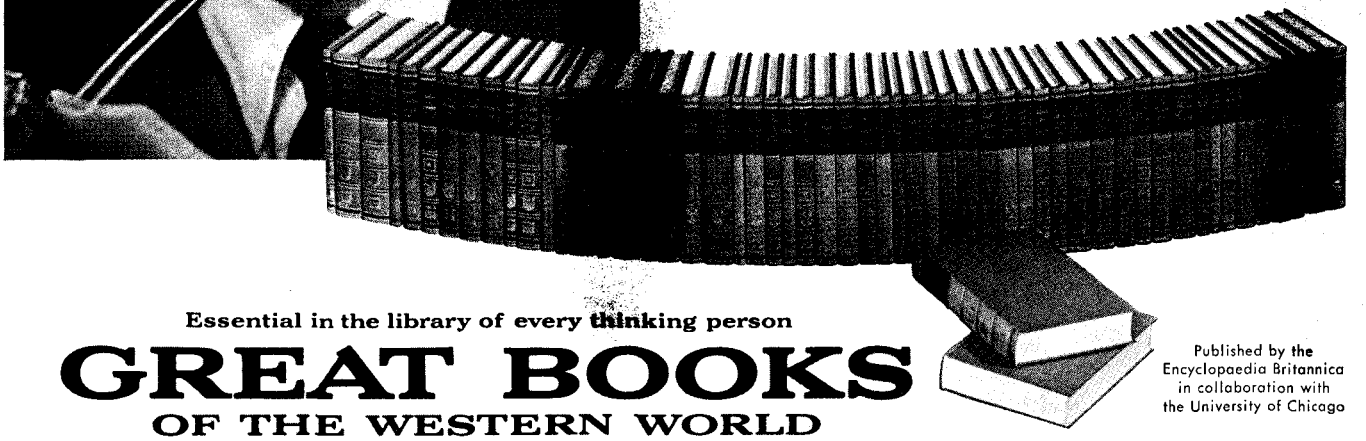

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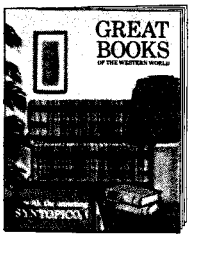

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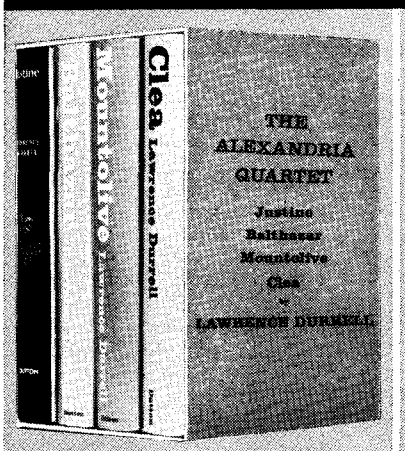

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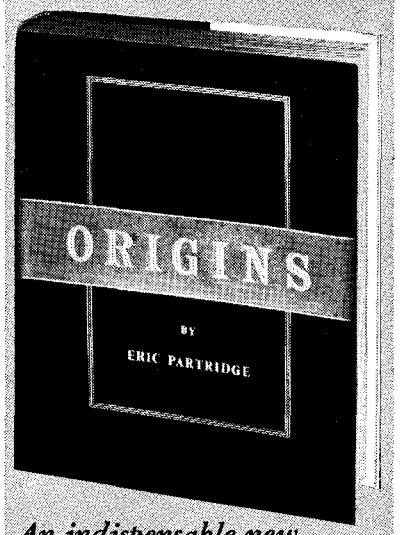

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Interim Reflections On the Congo

It has been a great thing, this Operation Congo of the United Nations, and the prospect that it may peter out in tragic failure does not prevent us from jotting down the causes both of the greatness, of which we are certain, and of the failure we fear.

As soon as the Congolese army, the Force Publique, turned out to be a riotous rabble, the U.N. went into action to lay down the foundations for the new Congolese state. Specialists in all fields of public affairs were rushed to the Congo to take care of government machinery that wasn't there. With amazing ingenuity and speed an army to train an army and to establish some kind of public order was patched together, composed of military detachments borrowed from the armies of nearby and faraway countries. This sort of secondhand army had something in common with the redoubtable military establishments of the two superpowers: it cannot fight. It symbolizes peace.

Peace, as we should all know by now, is not exactly the natural condition of mankind. In the specific situation of the Congo, the attainment of civil peace was dependent on a certain docility on the part of the local population and its more or less self-appointed leaders, just as it was dependent on the acceptance of world-wide supranationalism by wildly nationalistic neighboring governments. Ultimately, however, the civil peace of the people of the Congo depended on the two superpowers. Would they let the economic, ideological conflict between the two systems descend to the tribal level? Would the confrontation that could not take place at the summit be reached in the jungle?

There can be no question about the restraint of our government, ever disposed to atone for the past sins of an empire we never had. For the Communists, however, the situation is different; their colonial empire is at the stage of full expansion—in fact, it is the only one in the history of mankind ever built according to a timetable and to a deliberate plan.

True, the Communists might find some reasons for restraint in the inordinate difficulty of colonizing in one clean sweep a large hunk of the African continent. Moreover, they derive great benefits from that rule of no-force which is imposed by the destructive potential of the two superpowers. For no-force means no bloodshed between regular military formations. Any other kind of violence, however, is admissible, including that promoted by lunatics or fanatics.

Under the rule of no-force, the Communist international can see to it that the old Stalin principle is maintained, and enriched by a new twist: socialism in one country—one after another.

Somehow Soviet Russia consented to the U.N. action at the beginning. But then the combination of planned subversion and lunatic rabble started operating in the Congo, not to the displeasure of the Communist international. Things have gone very, very far in the Congo, probably not in the interests of any organized system of government. Seldom, if ever, has it been so clear that the mantle of sovereignty grabbed by a madman who makes himself head of a government should in no case give him immunity from the padded cell.

NOT EVERYTHING is lost in the Congo—not yet. To a large extent, the outcome depends on us, on what our government does. We cannot use the no-force rule the way the Communists do. We have our mobsters too, but they are strictly for home consumption. We can talk both tough and kind to the leaders of the new African nations and act accordingly. We can give to the U.N. and to African groups of nations the assistance of our organizational skill and of our wealth.

As the major power of the West, the heaviest responsibility falls on us, for the U.N., and indeed the whole world, as Dag Hammarskjöld has said, faces an unprecedented peril. Initiative must be taken—and quickly. Just as we rightly talk of limited war as a way to utilize a power otherwise made unusable by its infinity, so the community of nations should consider under what circumstances the otherwise utterly symbolic guns of the U.N. troops can fire bullets that kill. In the case of the Congo, the use of force cannot possibly be restricted to self-defense; it must be used in the interest of the Congolese people, who must be given a chance to decide on the civil order they want—if any. They may prefer to go back to the bush. No supranational lawgiver we know of has ever stated that all human aggregates must be subjected to our twentieth-century type of civilization, with national states, executive branches of government, and Cadillac-driving delegates to the U.N. Headquarters in New York.

Certainly, it doesn't make any sense to talk about a law of nations that is not guaranteed by usable force, and it doesn't make any sense to have a U.N. army that cannot use force to guarantee a civil order or the conditions in which an order can be built. There has never been any law worth the name that is dissociated from, or not backed by, real, not symbolic, force. If a U.N. army is to exist, it cannot be the guard of honor to chaos, or the guarantor of internecine, tribal warfare. Do the Russians want to go that far? It is up to our government to make them show their hand. This may be as good an opportunity as any to find out who should belong to the U.N.

Our government could conceivably offer contingents of U.S. soldiers to strengthen the U.N. army. Our para-

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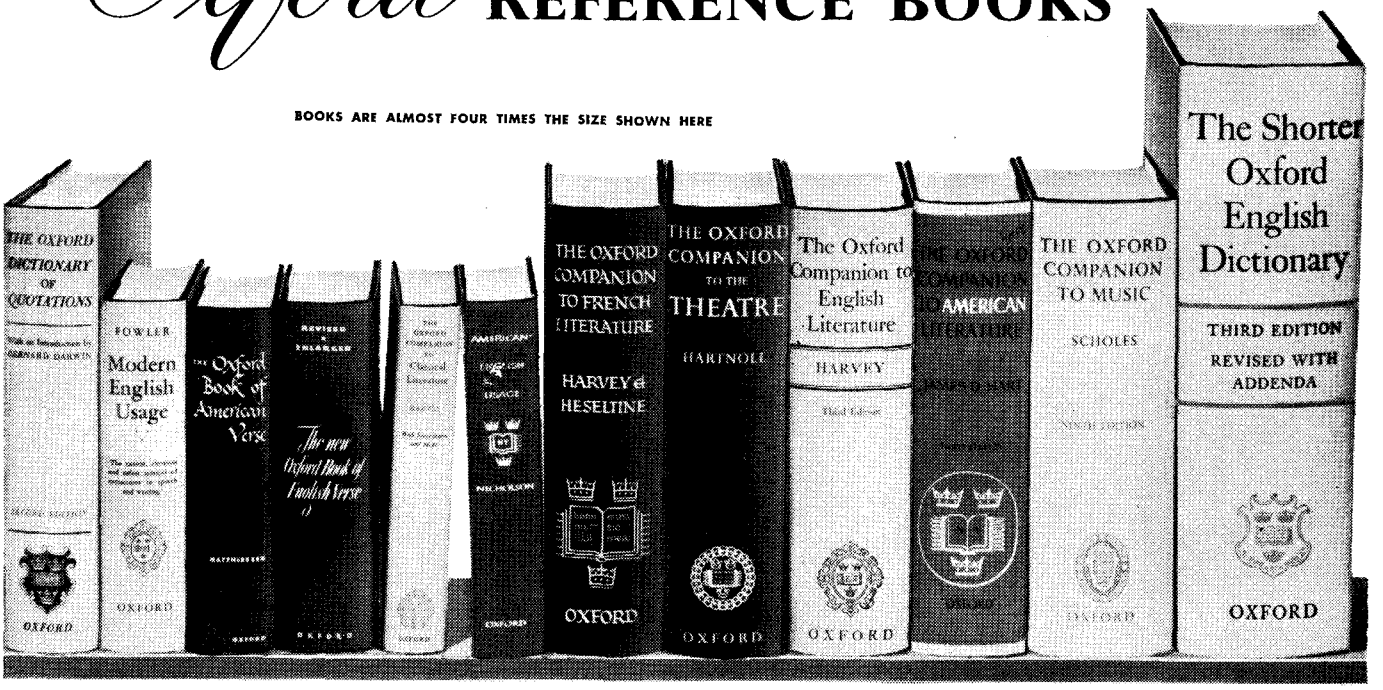

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troopers are not pest carriers; they can be patient and peaceful, as they showed at Little Rock. There would be nothing wrong if some companies of soldiers were sent to serve under, let's say, an Indian or a Moroccan general. And, of course, there could be contingents of the Red Army, too —provided the Soviet leaders agree that the U.N. must not be used to guarantee the perpetuation of lawlessness. Otherwise the U.N. had better fold up. Do the Russians want this?

It is up to our government to bring even the Russians to realize what the whole world would lose, how great would be the danger for all men, should the U.N. crumble, defeated by the madness of a Lumumba.

That brave man, Dag Hammarskjöld, must be tired of hearing that he is a genius, a public utility, and so forth. Now there is something we can do for him: we can avoid falling once more into the old policy of leaving it to Dag.

—Max Ascoli

The Nixon Foundation

James Shepley, *Time* magazine's chief of national correspondents who is on loan to Nixon for the duration, recently remarked to a reporter about the Vice-President, "He's on the prowl for original ideas." Nixon certainly came up with a Jim Dandy of one when he put Shepley to work on Airlift Africa, 1960, a project for transporting African students to this country.

The central facts of the case appear to be remarkably uncomplicated. For over a year, a philanthropic organization, the African American Students Foundation, Inc., has tried unsuccessfully to get the State Department to arrange transportation for several hundred young men from Kenya and elsewhere who have been granted scholarships in American colleges but lack the means to pay their way over. Even letters of intercession from such political notables as Charles Diggs, the Negro congressman from Michigan, and, more recently, from Mr. Nixon were unavailing. Even when Tom Mboya, Kenya's young political leader, flew over in late July for a conference on this subject, the State

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Department representative was completely negative.

Mboya promptly proceeded to Hyannis Port to lay his problem before the Democratic Presidential candidate, who set wheels in motion to have the Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr. Foundation, headed by brother Bobby, pick up the whole tab, estimated at approximately $100,000. Undoubtedly, the good politics of establishing good relations with men like Mboya was not far from anybody's mind. But to his credit, Kennedy specified that the foundation's support for the project was not to be made public.

The Shepley operation proved not to be so discreet. On August 13, three days after tentative agreement had been reached with Kennedy's brother-in-law, Sargent Shriver, who is executive director of the Kennedy Foundation, Frank C. Montero, president of the African American Student Foundation, received a call from Shepley exhorting him to hold off a few days until the State Department could reverse itself. In Hairbreadth Harry fashion, the department did come through on August 15, minutes before Montero was to consummate the deal with Shriver. Montero had already decided to go ahead with the Kennedy offer.

The next day Senator Hugh Scott (R., Pennsylvania), who has made himself anchor man for Nixon in the Senate, blithely ignored Montero's decision and issued a news release hailing the State Department for inaugurating the airlift. A day later Scott took to the Senate floor to protest that "The long arm of the family of the junior senator from Massachusetts has reached out and attempted to pluck the project away from the U.S. government." Scott said he was concerned about the "apparent misuse of tax-exempt foundation money for blatant political purposes."

As a matter of fact, we are inclined to doubt that the African American Students Foundation can swing many votes one way or the other. But we do think Mr. Shepley's efforts on behalf of the Republican Presidential nominee pose an interesting choice between private and governmental enterprise — between the Kennedy Foundation and what appears to be the Nixon Foundation. What about it, Senator Scott? Why is it worse to transport the African students with tax-exempt money than with tax money?

Newsworthy

"A 31-inch salmon, a gift to the President, was baked in the ovens of the officers' club of the Newport Naval Base, a mile-and-a-half across the harbor from the summer White House. When the officers' club radioed that the huge fish was ready to come out of the oven, a Marine utility helicopter was ordered to the helicopter landing about 150 feet from the officers' club.

"The operation to speed the steaming fish to the presidential table was prudently back-stopped by a large yard boat with two uniformed officers and several sailors aboard, which stood by at the helicopter landing with motors running, ready to take the fish in case the helicopter developed engine trouble and found it impossible to take off." —*Providence Journal.*

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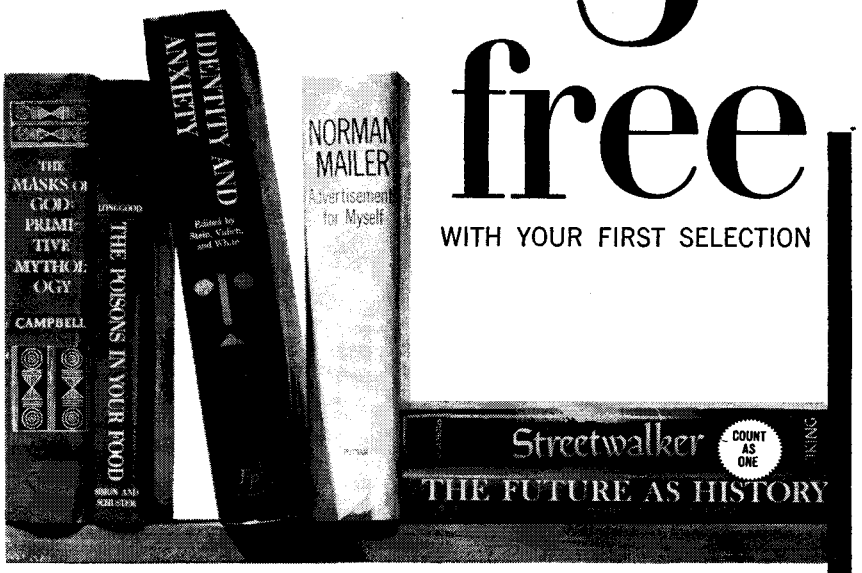

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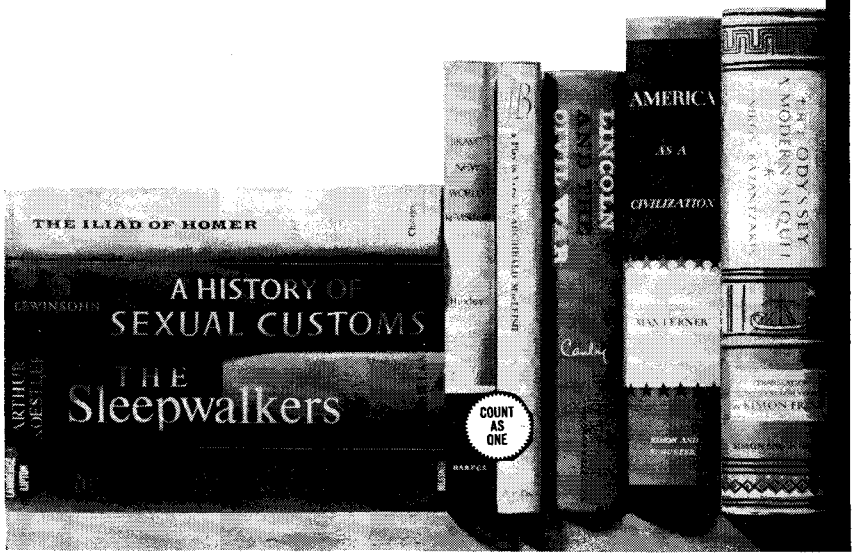

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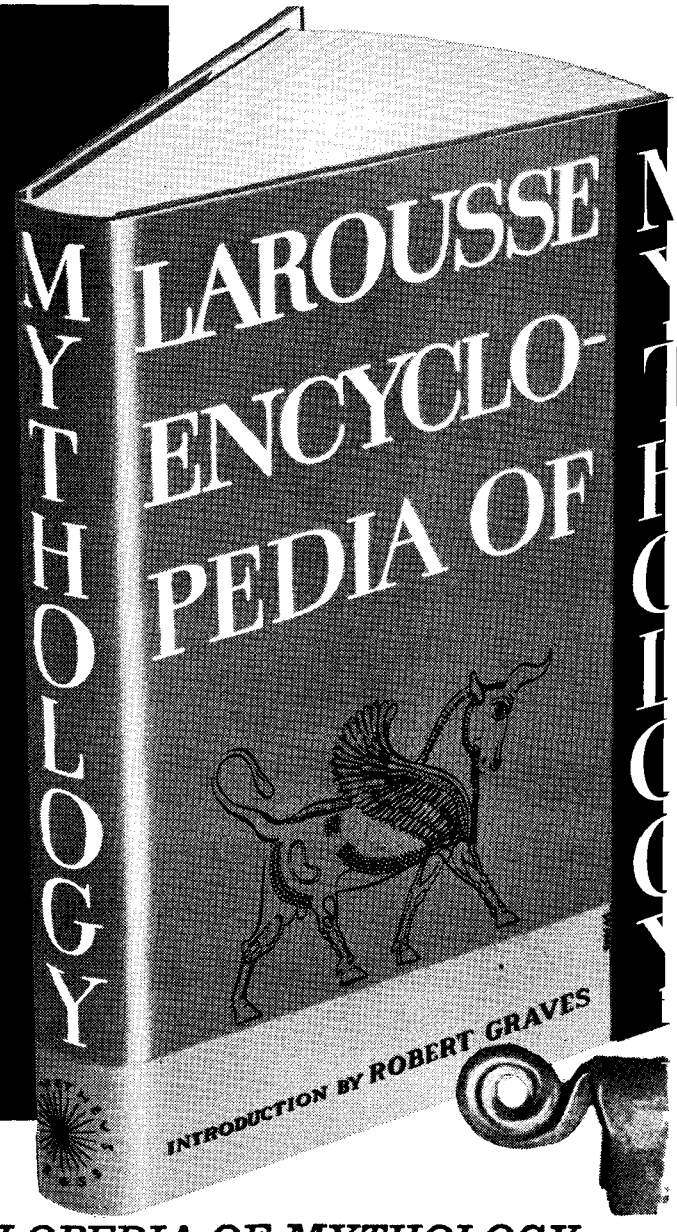

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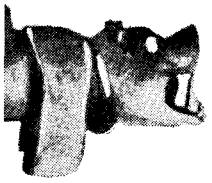

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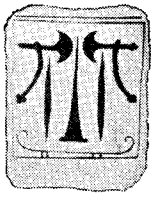

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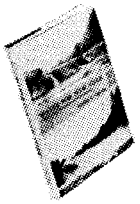

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'A DEMANDING CONSCIENCE'

To the Editor: After the colored kaleidoscope of the convention, you epitomized the whole situation in two sentences ("From the Sports Arena," by Max Ascoli, *The Reporter,* August 4).

The first reads: "Somehow one has the sense that the speech he [Senator Kennedy] delivers is wholly his, that he is fully dedicated to what he says, and that the ideas he espouses are filtered through his conscience."

The other sentence is the final one: "One has the feeling—and I have the belief—that the process of outgrowing has started, and that he could not be where he is now if he had not something that is his, and only his: a demanding conscience, and a firm capacity to act."

The last nine words put the whole thing in a nutshell!

G. Mennen Williams
Lansing, Michigan

THE NEW PROFESSORS

To the Editor: In his article "The Affluent Professors" (*The Reporter,* June 23) Spencer Klaw has pointed out some real problems in the current status of some scientists and social scientists in this country. Yet I think that in his interest in what may be going wrong, he has conveyed a false general impression. Let me offer the following general propositions as more likely to be true than not.

¶ Our best universities, and our best scientists, whether they are partial to large-scale operations or to individual and off-beat speculation or to both, have never had a better patron than the Federal government *at its best,* and exceedingly few men of the first quality have escaped the attention of granting agencies whose first greed is for the credit of backing first-rate men.

¶ The number of scientists with the strength and influence to choose their own research topics and get support in pursuing them is very much bigger than it was a generation ago—probably ten times as big. Similarly, the number of universities with the strength and sense of excellence to maintain their autonomy has more than doubled in the last generation, and this is true whether we use severe or modest standards. Certainly all large-scale financial support creates dangers against which universities must be alert. But when was this not so? And what evidence is there, in Mr. Klaw's article or anywhere else, that the Federal government is intrinsically more dangerous than other backers?

¶ Most professors in most departments in most universities are hard at work on their jobs, and in general the governing need in American academic life is for more reading and research, not less. When Mr. Klaw reports that 1,800 faculty members were working abroad last year, and tells us that this number equals the combined faculties of several excellent but relatively small institutions, he ought in fairness to remark also that 1,800 is less than one per cent of the total number of college teachers. As for leaves of absence, there are still not enough of them, well enough supported, and probably not one graduate student in five hundred finds that the one man he came to work with "is going to be away for two of the next three years."

¶Providing graduate students in science with a real experience of independent research has always been as difficult as it is important. Because of the expansion and diversification of support by fellowships, research assistantships, and part-time teaching jobs, today's graduate student in science, on the whole, is more and not less free to find such experience than his predecessor a generation ago.

¶ While the quality and dedication of American college and university teaching leave much to be desired, they have never been as good as they are now. Unless the university faculty I know best is wholly an exception, it is simply wrong to say that "The highest status in the academic world attaches to the professor who has managed to arrange his affairs so that he does no teaching at all." I think I know all of the men of "highest status" in Harvard's faculty of arts and sciences, and I do not know of one who fits this description.

Now, I doubt if Mr. Klaw would take violent exception to this set of propositions. . . . Yet I submit that in calling attention to abuses and troubles which undoubtedly affect our universities, Mr. Klaw has managed to create a misleading general impression. Surely it is not the tradition of *The Reporter* that only bad news is news.

Yet we must recognize that Mr. Klaw has given a list of troubles that are real and growing. He is certainly right that some departments in some places—even some of the best—are dangerously influenced by the marketplace of contract funds. He is right that some men build foolish empires; some spread themselves too thin in conferences and consultations; some are indeed remittance men abroad (the Point Four contracts are perhaps the weakest single program connecting the Federal government with American universities). Graduate students often fail to get the attention they deserve; administrative problems have multiplied; peace is harder to find than it was, in universities as everywhere else. Mr. Klaw rightly reports that few if any universities have yet made the right place in their communities for the members of large-scale research installations, and he is

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right about the danger of a weakening, particularly among younger scientists and social scientists, of the great tradition of research and teaching as a single way of life. Moreover there are other weaknesses and dangers which he neglects, such as the fragility of year-to-year project grants as a basis for good long-term work, the problem the government has in finding politically acceptable ways of supporting excellence, the threat of nationalistic narrowness when government pays the bill (as in some of the attitudes of the AEC toward international discussion of nuclear physics), and the occasional but real problem which is created when too much money chases too little talent (as in some of the training grants of the National Institutes of Health).

These are problems enough, and to spare. But there are also people working on them. There is not one of the abuses or weaknesses Mr. Klaw notes which is not under study and even treatment, not one which cannot be dealt with intelligently, and not one which outweighs the general and overriding fact that American academic men, few of them affluent and none of them saints, are on the whole growing in quality and in effective service of all sorts, year by year.

McGEORGE BUNDY
Dean of the Faculty
of Arts and Sciences
Harvard University

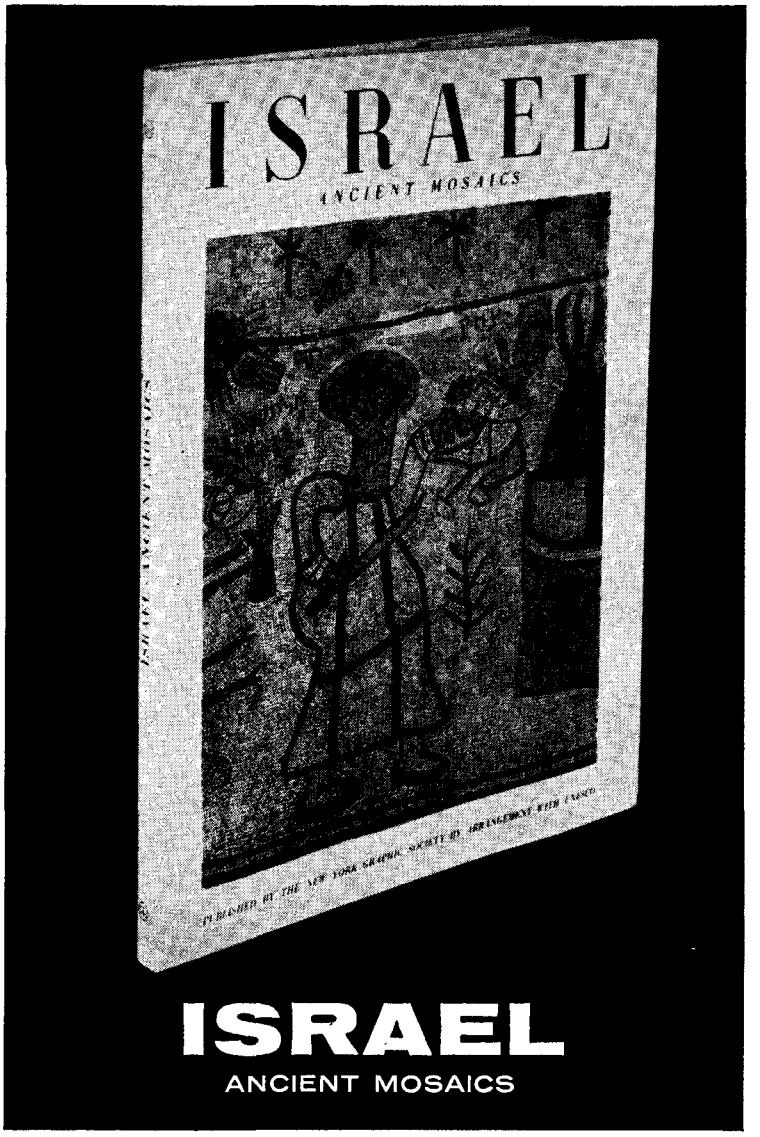
To the Editor: Congratulations to Spencer Klaw for spiking the academic entrepreneurs whose salaries are padded to produce such necessities as new deodorants and better missiles.

After long and financially barren years earning a real Ph.D., the journeyman humanist must support his family and pay the bills on a salary less than that of a good grocer.

THOMAS W. AFRICA
University of California
Santa Barbara

To the Editor: Mr. Klaw's "The Affluent Professors" shows to what a distressing degree American higher education has been overwhelmed by the tangible adjuncts to education. Even in a world where every value must be judged by statistics, it is alarming to see how universities and colleges have come to rely on measurable data in order to determine how well they are fulfilling their function. The distressing aspect of all this is that the process of education is not measurable. As a result all attention is focused on those things which may help in the education process but which are not essential to it. Education can only suffer when the bookkeeping mind is allowed to judge it by the number of research projects, dormitory space, number of Ph.D.s, number of articles and books written by the faculty, etc.

JOHN LAMB
Lockport, Illinois



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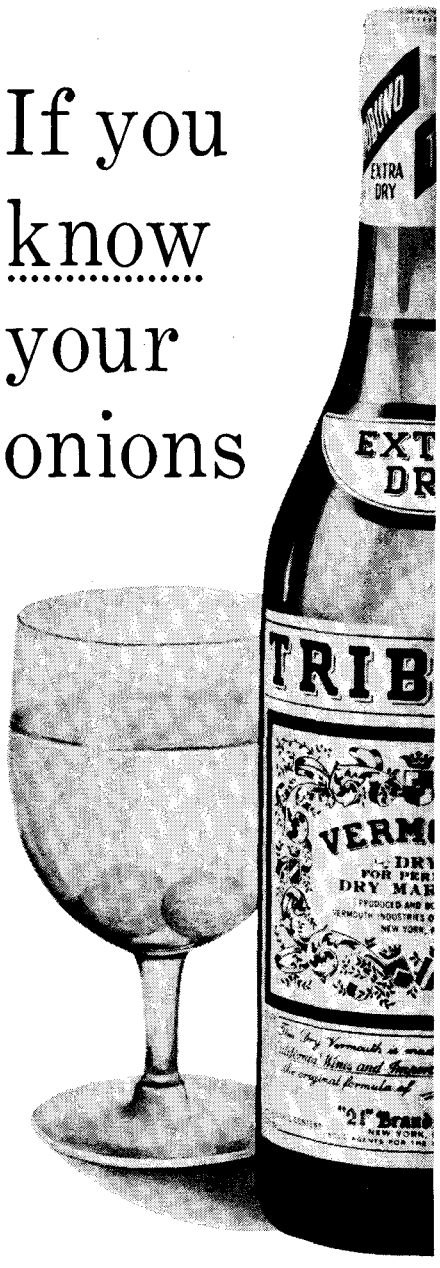

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

EVENTS in the Congo are moving terribly fast. In **Max Ascoli's** opinion, a rounded evaluation of the affair is not yet possible, and he has therefore set down his interim reflections in the informal style of *The Reporter's* Notes. . . . **Lloyd M. Garrison,** a free-lance writer who is presently in Africa with the American student volunteer organization Crossroads Africa, reports from Léopoldville. . . . The Congo crises have captured headlines throughout the world, and the name Sharpeville, famous itself five months ago, has been almost forgotten. **Anthony Delius** of the South African *Cape Times* shows that events in the Congo have served only to strengthen the determination of Afrikaner Nationalists to preserve white purity and white control or perish in the attempt. Mr. Delius describes Prime Minister Verwoerd's latest maneuvers in the name of apartheid and reminds us that South Africa's troubles threaten a tragedy that could overshadow even the miseries of the Congo.

WHEN the Turkish Army ousted the tottering régime of Adnan Menderes last May, the officers who seized power took an impressive oath of duty which included a promise that the government would soon be returned to civilian hands. Thus far, they seem in no hurry to keep this promise, but as **Claire Sterling,** our Mediterranean correspondent, writes, the Turkish Army's word is taken seriously by the Turkish people. . . . **Flora Lewis,** a correspondent for the New York *Times,* found that the distance from Vienna to Budapest is measured in something far more important than miles. . . . Senator Estes Kefauver's crushing victory in the Tennessee Democratic senatorial primary seems to have taken even the senator by surprise. **David Halberstam** of the Nashville *Tennessean* discusses the reasons for Kefauver's victory, along with some of its implications. . . . It seems like only yesterday that Governor Rockefeller was describing Vice-President Nixon as a man carrying a banner "whose only emblem is a question mark." Apparently the question was resolved, for the governor at least, when Mr. Nixon dropped in on him at his Fifth Avenue apartment just before the Republican convention. Contributing Editor **Robert Bendiner** tries in turn to resolve the question that now has settled over the governor himself. . . . Meanwhile the moment we have all been waiting for has arrived: Mr. Nixon is at last free to speak his mind and, as one of his foremost campaigners has said, he will be "absolutely stupid" not to. Washington Editor **Douglass Cater** reviews some of the things Mr. Nixon has said since his liberation and ponders upon new miracles of incisive thinking that may be to come.

Robert L. Schiffer, a free-lance writer, has made several visits to Israel. During the most recent, he accompanied a party of archaeologists who were searching in the wilderness of the Negev for the farms King Uzziah of Judea had established there in the eighth century B.C. . . . Bernard Berenson's life, as **Sidney Alexander** says, was as much a work of art as anything that he wrote about. Mr. Alexander, who attended Berenson's funeral last October, is a long-time contributor to *The Reporter.* He is now living in Florence and working on another part of his autobiography of Michelangelo. The first part, *Michelangelo the Florentine,* has already been published by Random House. . . . **Claire Sterling** discusses the first two years of the reign of Pope John XXIII—the "transition Pope" who has belied so many of the predictions made about him. . . . **Robert Shaplen** is the author of *Kreuger: Genius and Swindler* (Knopf).

Our cover is by **Mozelle Thompson.**

•

In our last issue we neglected to identify Willard A. Hanna as a member of the American Universities Field Staff. Mr. Hanna is also the author of *Bung Karno's Indonesia,* the latest and most authoritative study of President Sukarno's chaotic régime, published by the A.U.F.S. in February.

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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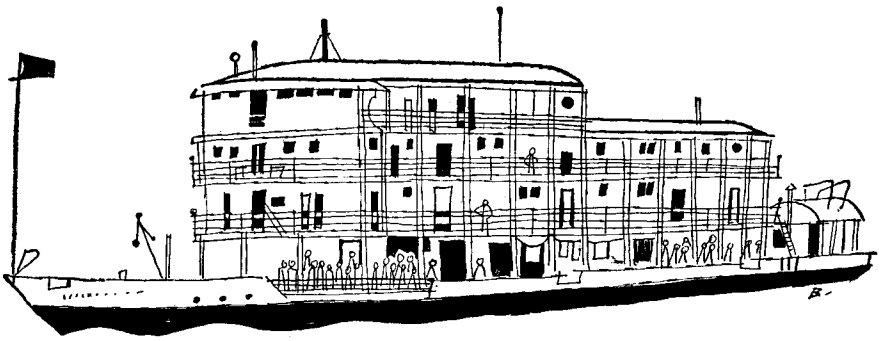

The New Heart of Darkness

LLOYD M. GARRISON

LEOPOLDVILLE

FLYING OVER the jungle aboard a single-engine U.S. Army rescue plane, I could momentarily imagine that nothing had gone wrong in the Congo. Below stretched jungle swamp as far as the eye could see. Cutting through the monotony of wilderness moved the Congo River, bound on its slow implacable course to the cataracts below Léopoldville and the final tumbling rush to the Atlantic. Every ten minutes or so, the plane dipped over a clearing on the river bank and one could see thatched-roof mud huts; naked children and the men and women of the village stood and waved as the plane passed. They lived beyond the causes or the effects of the tragedy that had beset the Congo; safe in their jungle oblivion, they were the Congo's only innocents.

LANDING at Coquilhatville, a river junction city 360 miles upriver from Léopoldville, we found the Belgian paratroopers firmly in control. The commander, Captain Faure, was counting the refugees in the passenger lounge: more than two hundred men, women, and children were waiting for a plane to arrive and fly them home to Brussels. They were surprisingly quiet.

"You know," said the captain, "this is worse than the collapse of the Belgian government and the flight of our refugees in 1940."

Coquilhatville is a city of 35,000 Congolese. Before the panic, 1,500 Belgians lived there. Now, in the center of town, the shop windows, the banks, the cafés were shuttered. That night, driving through the white residential area, I passed house after empty house, the people gone but the lights left on—a last-minute afterthought by the owners, designed to create in the minds of possible looters the fiction that they were still there.

Coquilhatville now belonged to the Congolese. Yesterday's hum of business had given way to a tomblike stillness. Hundreds of Congolese walked noiselessly through the streets, unemployed and bewildered. The dream of independence had come true, but it was a phantom none could grasp. In the hands of the new Congolese civil servant, the machinery of government was paralyzed. To the thousands who had been promised that self-government meant the end of taxes, a raise in pay, and a car for every family, no part of the promise had come true; there was not even work. For many, independence produced no delusion, for they had never understood its meaning in the first place. A village mother sent word to a missionary teacher: "I hear you are giving independence to the girls. I don't want you to give my daughter any, and if you do please send her home at once."

'Without You We Are Lost'

Caught in a confusion that they could not dispel, the Congolese in Coquilhatville were ready to hold onto anything that seemed to offer stability and hope. For a moment, they put their trust in four United States Army pilots who had landed to evacuate missionaries. When the pilots drove the two-mile route from the airport to the mission headquarters, thousands of Congolese lined the roadside, smiling, waving, chanting in unison *"Vive les Américains!"* Surely, they reasoned, the Americans had come to liberate them from the hated paratroopers. The pilots returned the waves and smiled back. They would never know the depth of disappointment that followed when the Congolese learned why they had really come.

One student of the Disciples of Christ school anticipated the reason, and he questioned one of the missionaries, Bernard Davis of Whittier, California.

"They are taking you away?"

"Yes."

"But you came here to help us."

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"We have to go."

"But you are our friends."

"We have to go, our ambassador in Léopoldville says so."

"Please, tell him to let you stay. Without you Americans we are lost."

Such was the setting in Coquilhatville and many other cities in the Congo after the first three weeks of crisis that followed independence. While Coquilhatville remained comparatively calm, violence broke out elsewhere in Equateur Province. In Maboka, a Congolese police sergeant thought that he saw the district commissioner attempting to flee with the cashbox containing the civil servants' payroll; a crowd formed and in the melee the commissioner shot and killed the sergeant. The payroll proved to be locked in the controller's safe, but the death of the Congolese overshadowed the incident's origin. Plantation workers burned private shops and company stores, sabotaged palm-oil refining machinery, and slashed hundreds of palm-nut trees. The next morning they looted Belgian homes, smashing windows and doors, even hacking refrigerators to bits with their three-foot machetes.

Such brutality is not spawned by some petty grudge. The outburst of fury had as its source years of subtle injury and frustration.

The causes lay buried in the roots of Belgium's policy of paternalism. Based on the unofficial assumption that the African was inferior and basically childlike in nature, the theory went that if you extended him the benefits of Christianity and a reasonable minimum wage, he would remain content. Christian missionaries, backed by the state, built the best primary-school system in all Africa, but the educational pyramid stopped with only a few schools at the secondary level. In the cities thousands of Congolese were trained in skilled labor, provided with housing projects, free hospitalization, pension plans, and social security. A solid lower middle class would prove unreceptive to any outside notions of self-determination; or so the Belgians hoped. But for the African, the right to earn a decent living was not enough. As long as higher education and responsibility were denied, the frustration deepened and festered; once allowed adolescent status, the African demanded the right to develop as an adult on an equal footing with the Belgian.

The frustration suddenly exploded a year ago in the bloody Léopoldville riots. With the same suddenness, Brussels decreed independence. Congolese nationalists were jubilant, but none could thank Belgium for providing a transition to freedom. Only sixteen university graduates were at the disposal of the new government; until 1959, no Congolese had been allowed to study law. It was this denial of human initiative that rankled most. If such complaints were intense before independence, they were even more bitterly recited by Congolese afterward, when the disintegration of order revealed so sharply the Congo's pathetic incapacity to govern alone. As one Congolese minister said angrily, "We've had only a year to learn everything from organizing a political party to establishing a foreign service."

Only a handful of Congolese had been permitted to leave the country, even to visit Belgium. One Congolese who had been to Brussels offered this personal explanation: "The reason they tried to keep us here is that in Belgium the people treated us like friends."

'You Just Wait'

In the Congo it was different. Until just before independence, a Belgian could boast, "You never saw an African in the hotels, cafés and cinemas. After dark, Boulevard Albert was all white." No "White Only" signs were required. The African knew his place and dutifully stayed there.

In the end, the tragedy cut both ways: while the African was left floundering in his new freedom, the Belgian was unprepared for the abrupt change in his privileged status; one year is too short a time for a *colon* to alter seventy-five years of colonial attitude. With the eruption of Congolese violence, no bridge of communication could be built fast enough to initiate contact with the African. Having no heritage of respect for the African as a man, the Belgian had nothing on which to build. The result was panic. Escape was the only alternative, and disillusionment the final reaction. "Never again will I set foot on this soil," said a Belgian agricultural adviser. He was standing at the bar in the Coquilhatville airport, poking the air with his beer bottle to punctuate his words. "You just wait. In two months they will be on their knees. They'll cry like children, begging us to come back. Just look what we have done for them. They don't care." The child, who should have been grateful to Papa, was not.

Perhaps the greatest single blow to Belgian pride was the revolt of the Force Publique. Over the years, the Belgians had come to rely on the Force Publique as a model of discipline and dependability. Instead, the Force turned to haunt them.

The causes go back to the very beginnings of Belgian conquest, when Congolese cadres were recruited to suppress tribal uprisings. In the early days, Congolese conscripts who were ordered into action against fellow blacks were required to bring back a hand or an ear as proof that they

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had completed their assignments with proper dedication. During the next half century, the Force Publique was molded into an efficient instrument of Belgian internal security. Instead of integrating soldiers of different tribes and encouraging

a sense of national unity, the Belgians often dispatched one tribal unit into the territory of a traditional rival: if tough tactics were necessary, such troops would seldom balk. In this officially volunteer army, many recruits were village rabble rousers "volunteered" for service by Congolese chiefs co-operating with Belgian district administrators. Without a single Congolese officer to look up to for leadership, it is little wonder the tribal-minded ranks took the first opportunity to seize command from the whites.

THE SEQUENCE of events that triggered the revolt began in Léopoldville, where two hundred soldiers marched on Parliament and demanded the ouster of Belgian officers. Premier Patrice Lumumba agreed. As if by reflex, Congolese garrisons in widely separated and often remote regions mutinied in lightning succession. A thousand troops in Thysville arrested their Belgian officers and elected their own; similar revolts were reported in Stanleyville and the upriver provinces. Within twenty-four hours, security in the Congo collapsed, and the first trainload of Belgian refugees pulled into Léopoldville. In Katanga Province, Belgians fleeing the capital of Elisabethville were dragged from their cars and beaten; six deaths were confirmed, including the murder of the the Italian vice-consul.

When Brussels ordered paratroopers to intervene, foreign sentiment in Léopoldville was almost unanimous that the United States or any other country would have been justified in taking the same step to protect its own nationals. But within hours, it was apparent that the Belgians' conduct actually contributed to the tension and added to the list of Congolese atrocities scores more brought about by their own men.

Following the Belgian evacuation of Matadi at the mouth of the Congo River, fighter planes delivered a sneak attack, bombing and strafing the city at random. Afterward, four gunboats lobbed round after round into the African communes. After the attack, enraged Congolese soldiers scoured the region, hunting for Belgians still isolated in remote posts. Coming across an American Baptist mission, the soldiers cowed the men and raped two women. It was then that U.S. Ambassador Clare Timberlake ordered the evacuation of all American missionaries from the Congo.

The president of Katanga, Moise Tshombe, formally invited the Belgians into the province. After the paratroopers had pacified Elisabethville, he proclaimed Katanga's independence, and for the next ten days Belgian battalions obligingly mopped up Force Publique units who refused to lay down their arms and declare allegiance to the secessionist cause. More than sixty Congolese soldiers were slain and some two hundred wounded before the paratroopers finally prevailed. Brussels' attitude toward Tshombe's secession was put briefly and bluntly by the Belgian commander, Colonel Guy Weber: "My government has ordered me to return Katanga to Mr. Tshombe as soon as order is restored. I shall give it back to him on a silver platter"—with the opposition wiped clean.

At the end of the first three weeks, climaxed by the arrival of U.N. troops, two conclusions could be safely drawn. First, the extent of Congolese atrocity was nothing like what the horror headlines had implied. According to figures compiled in Brussels, there were several hundred rapes but only some ten Belgian deaths. In a country the size of India, with a population of fourteen million Congolese and 120,000 Belgians, the incidents, however savage, proved to be relatively few. Second, the flight of the Belgians has left the Congo's giant economic structure painfully crippled; the machinery is intact, but the people equipped to run it are gone.

A Castro of the Congo?

The Congo's financial status is equally grim. With Katanga's defection, sixty-five per cent of the Congo's national revenue was cut off; whatever political relationship is concluded with Tshombe, the Congo must have access to Katanga's income or the country faces certain collapse. Even restoring Katanga's riches will not be enough. To survive, the Congo desperately needs trained technical personnel, immediate cash to run the administration, and a massive infusion of fresh capital. When the Congo government took office, it inherited a staggering Belgian debt and started off accumu-

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lating a deficit of $18 million every month. While under strong pressure from Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah to shun aid commitments from both East and West, Premier Lumumba will be sorely put to resist the temptation, if not the necessity, of shaking hands with the first comer. More than once he has said, "I'll do business with anyone, if necessary the devil."

During the early weeks of crisis, it was impossible to predict where Lumumba would turn next. One day he was bitterly accusing the Belgians of plotting to assassinate him, the next day he toasted them as "our long-time friends." He linked the United States with Belgium as an imperialist aggressor; twenty-four hours later he was profusely grateful to the U.S. for airlifting U.N. troops. A neutral diplomat in Léopoldville who has dealt closely with Lumumba describes him as a paranoiac; another observer predicts that Lumumba will emerge as an African Fidel Castro.

As with Castro, many of Lumumba's advisers are Communist-oriented. Among them are his private secretary, Vice-Premier Antoine Gizenga, and Minister of Information Anicet Kashamura. All three have been recent guests in Moscow or Peking. Only a few days after the revolt of the Force Publique, Kashamura was reading aloud over Radio Congo letters of "sympathy and support from our dear comrades in Russia, China, Bulgaria, Hungary, and Albania."

PARALLELING the trend to the Left are growing indications that Lumumba may reject U.N. military assistance and join Nkrumah and Sékou Touré in a Ghana-Guinea-Congo Union. In a private interview in Accra, Nkrumah expressed confidence that such a union would take place very soon. What form would it take? "It would be similar to a federation such as you have in Russia or the United States," he said; all three countries would be bound together with a single currency, a common army, and a joint foreign office. Nkrumah saw the Union as an African bulwark against both Soviet and western incursions; the Congo, he emphasized, must not become a cold-war battleground. The U.N. would be invited to provide technical assistance, but this would be channeled through the Union and be supervised and controlled by Africans.

If Lumumba joins the federation, Nkrumah's dream of a United States of Africa would take a giant leap forward. The immediate benefits to Lumumba are only too apparent: with the U.N. out, Ghanaian and Guinean troops could be employed to crush Katanga's secession and stamp out the tribal and political resistance that is bound to develop.

Union or not, the Congo's plight will remain basically unchanged for months to come. Said a U.N. colonel with twelve years' experience in Palestine, Korea, and Gaza: "When I first arrived, I thought we were just going to put out another fire. Then I saw we might apply a little first aid. Now, with the Belgians gone, we've inherited fourteen million Congolese who are refugees in their own country. What's needed is not a patch job but a massive salvage operation."

Few Congo experts believe the U.N. can manage the salvage alone. Fewer still predict that the West will mobilize its resources in time. If western capital and aid grants are not soon forthcoming, the situation will be tailored for the Soviets to step boldly forward with an assistance package of its own. Such was the case with Guinea when the French withdrew and the non-Communist world stalled.

At the Cape of Desperate Hope

ANTHONY DELIUS

CAPE TOWN

WHEN a South African broadcaster declared shortly before the Congo's independence, "The Southern Cross is flashing a message of hope and haven to all white men," he obviously had the Congo's beleaguered Europeans in mind. Less than a month later South Africa was offering succor and a permanent home to thousands of whites fleeing south from the wreck of Belgium's "civilizing mission."

Five months have passed since the Sharpeville shootings, months filled with crisis, emergency, jailings, heart-searching, and an attempted assassination, all topped by chaos in the Congo. They have produced a spirit of *Götterdämmerung* among the majority of Afrikaner Nationalists. There is a Wagnerian determination now to preserve white purity and Afrikaner control in their entirety or perish in the attempt. It has been announced that a referendum will be held on October 5 to decide upon a republic specially designed to "protect our white heritage."

Thus a process gathers momentum which could bring about a racial tragedy that would overshadow even the Congolese imbroglio. Yet in the background the original "emergency" is being slowly, almost re-

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luctantly dissolved. Already nearly eighteen hundred of the two thousand black, brown, and white citizens flung into prison without specific charges in the first great police roundup of political suspects have been returned as quietly as possible to their homes. The commanding African figures of the earlier country-wide demonstrations against the Nationalist administration today make only sporadic public appearances in court. The mass movements such men represented have disappeared from the surface of politics. They are shattered, banned, and confined to sketchy underground organizations.

The ease with which the South African government has managed to put down the demonstrations has made it feel confident of being able to defy all Africa—and the world too, if need be. To bow before the pressure, boycotts, and moral denunciations coming from practically everywhere in the world would, it believes, mean suicide for the white groups in South Africa and the end of the Union as a modern industrial state. If the choice is to be between a black dictatorship and a white dictatorship, the Nationalists are ready and even eager to set up the white one.

Dr. Verwoerd's Island

As the old patchwork of the colonial territories to the north gives way more each week to the new patchwork of independent states, the three million whites of South Africa, and especially the two million Afrikaners among them, have begun to feel themselves more and more cut off from that part of mankind which they regard as really human. The whole process of liberation proves to South African government leaders that the West has gone mad in its desire to placate improbable allies in Africa and Asia against Communism. All that is left to do now is to draw the whites into a tight knot of resistance against the current insanity. Isolation from it can only be made complete by breaking South Africa's present tenuous connection with the British crown and setting up a republic—outside the Commonwealth if necessary. Prime Minister Verwoerd has pointed out well in advance that if the Commonwealth refused to readmit the new republic automatically, as it has done with other republics, it would only be "because younger nonwhite countries would be exercising a predominating influence in the matter. Such a change of character [in the Commonwealth] would prove a threat to South Africa and her white citizens, even if she remained a monarchy." This challenge makes a crisis over South Africa's readmission almost certain in a Commonwealth in which nonwhite members will be in the majority after October.

'A Great White Bird'

But whatever the Commonwealth may do, the Nationalists are determined to set up a republic if they carry the referendum. The referendum itself will be decided by white voters only, and will completely disregard South Africa's four-to-one nonwhite majority. It will decide on a republic that will offer Africa's other white men—the "betrayed" Belgians of the Congo, the French

of Algeria, the British of Kenya and Rhodesia—a sanctuary among similar minds and skins.

In the meantime the most urgent necessity, next to setting up a republic, is to show the world that apartheid really works. "We must do in ten years what we once thought we could do in fifty," urged a Nationalist minister recently. He was referring to the government's intention to separate the races in every sphere. Signs of haste are now to be seen. The ten million Africans have lost all right to representation even by whites in the Union parliament. Instead the government is already exchanging "ambassadors" with the "Bantu homelands," those parts of South Africa which under apartheid are some day (said to be about the year 2000) to become independent black states. Five Nationalists have gone off to set up as commissioners-general in these embryo sovereignties where four million tribal Africans live. Representatives of old tribal chiefs are coming to the cities to channel the complaints of urban Africans, many of whom have never lived outside a town, back to their ancient ethnic leaders in the backwoods. Thus are the Nationalists determined to consult the views of their African subjects.

Yet, even after that distant date when the African tribal reserves are carved out of the country to become independent "homelands," the state will remain only partially white. The most favorable manipulation of vital statistics leaves the present figure of six million Africans (out of ten millions) behind in the "white" areas, i.e., two blacks for every one white.

The fact is that not a farm, mine, factory, or major public service in South Africa could operate today unless it was manned by nonwhites. The legislative capital of Cape Town, and the rich wine, tobacco, and wheat-farming complex lying all around it, would grind to a halt without its share of the 1.5 million Cape Colored (mixed-breed) people. The great sugar belt and the industrial areas of Natal would collapse if it were not for the labor drawn from half a million Asians. The mine wheels of the Free State and Witwatersrand (Johannesburg) reefs would stand idle without African labor, much of it imported from outside the country, which performs the basic operations of the vast gold and uranium industry.

Facts such as these seem unable to convince those controlling the Nationalist government that it cannot hatch this speckled egg into what one enthusiast called "a great white bird nestling at the bottom of Africa." But even the Nationalists know that they must first indoctrinate the bewildered, unbelieving

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English-speaking whites. For this purpose a "cultural adviser" has already been appointed to lecture them nightly over the radio, mainly on the needs and injuries of the white man. This "adviser" was until recently the editor of the same violently partisan newspaper that Dr. Verwoerd once edited, and he is helping to turn the once moderately neutral state broadcasting service into a government propaganda organization. The main stock in trade of the news services is furnished by accounts of the more chaotic side of the newly independent African states.

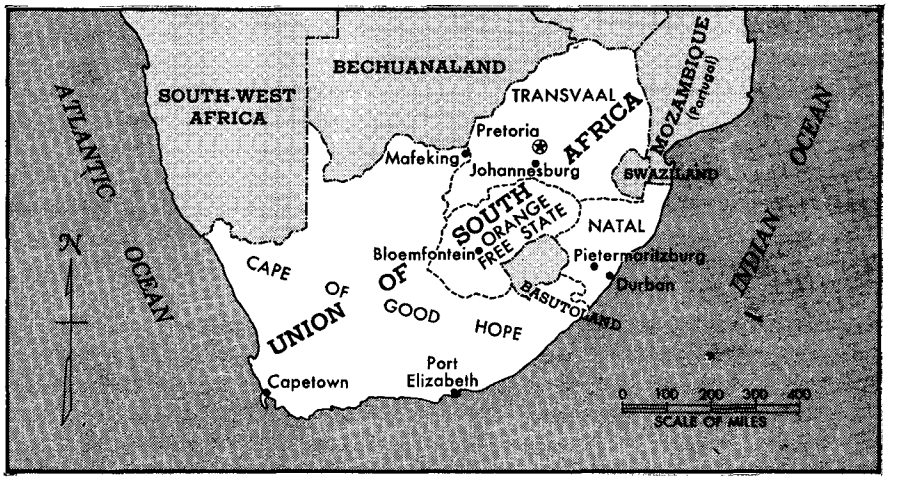
Talk of war if necessary is quite common among the Nationalists—whether as bravado to show pitch of determination or simply from sheer frenzy at the way the world is moving. All over the country Afrikaners are organized in "shooting commandos"—*skietkommandos*—which exist to keep up the old Boers' legendary marksmanship. When Dr. Verwoerd was shot, angry Afrikaners had to be dissuaded by authorities from taking reprisals against English newspapers.

The Momentum of Unreason

The now white-haired prime minister himself lay in thoughtful silence in the hospital while the wildest rumors spread about the damage done by the two bullets which had lodged in his jaw and neck. Eric Louw, the jaunty but haggard-eyed minister of external affairs, argued interminably about apartheid in London and tried in vain to get the prime ministers' conference to give a firm commitment about taking South Africa back into the Commonwealth if it became a republic. Inside the country some ministers and all industry argued that there should be a new deal, more consultation, higher wages, more sympathetic treatment for the three million urban Africans who live clustered in large and monotonously built model housing projects around the cities. But Dr. Verwoerd's silence continued.

Then he roused himself into feverish activity. In less than three days he sent two enormous dispatches to the dying parliament. Deserting his bed, he seized the opportunity presented by the climax of some lukewarm celebrations of fifty years of South African federation. From amidst the brass bands and bunting of the final day, Dr. Verwoerd released a real, live dove of peace and called upon the English of South Africa to join in the grand sweep toward a republic. The dove plummeted to the ground.

Dr. Verwoerd's theme ever since has been that of white unity in the face of African chaos. This unity is apparently unprocurable while the country remains a monarchy, with its monarch shared by several other countries. The English must take their one foot out of England—and in return the Afrikaners offer a "democratic, parliamentary" republic in the Commonwealth.



DR. VERWOERD, who as a former professor of applied psychology has a good idea of mass reaction, realizes that his position in the Nationalist Party has been momentarily strengthened by the attempted assassination. He has admitted in major public speeches that he thinks the Deity has spared his life for a great purpose, and his "gesture" toward the English seems an almost godlike act of forgiveness.

The major Afrikaner churchmen, industrialists, and intellectuals look with an increasing dismay on this gathering momentum of unreason. It was one thing to support what many felt was a logical plan for settling race frictions. But to have it all made part and parcel of some mystico-ethnical ballyhoo with a male Joan of Arc in charge and strange voices speaking on the wind is unsettling to tidier minds. Yet they find themselves quite helpless to move against mass Nationalist opinion or to face the charge of splitting the people in this moment of peril.

Most of the major business interests have combined to present Dr. Verwoerd with a memorandum outlining the very least he should do for the urban Africans to place the country on a stable labor basis again. Dr. Verwoerd's "new deal" has fallen miles short of these suggestions. Many of the bigger businessmen in the country, including Harry Oppenheimer of the $2-billion De Beers-Anglo American mining and financial empire, have warned him that he will bring down economic disaster on the country. In return two of Dr. Verwoerd's tougher henchmen have told these financial Cassandras to stick to their own business and keep their noses out of politics. Dr. Verwoerd himself has attacked them for meddling in matters that don't concern them.

No Retreat

But the warnings are coming in more than mere words. Several new ventures have decided not to come to South Africa. The country is in a state of steadily tightening financial siege. There is definite boycott of the country by foreign investors. The value of South African shares has dropped by $1.5 billion in three months. Two cargoes of South African goods have been turned back. In Trinidad and Malaya, dockers have refused to unload South African goods.

Everywhere boycotts of South African goods are springing up—including Britain and Sweden. News of new restrictive action against South African trade comes in regularly, but the effect has not yet begun to be

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reflected in the trade returns; in fact, South African exports went up by $60 million in the last six months. But this trend is not likely to continue; and if South Africa becomes a republic and is not readmitted to

the Commonwealth, it may lose imperial-preference trade worth $125 million a year.

The controlling group of Nationalists seem willing, however, to face penury and even persecution rather than give up the preservation of the Afrikaner racial position and purity, such as it is. They feel that to give way even an inch in the face of so much attack, threat, and bluster will invite triple extinction—of nation, of language, and of religion. Rather be out of the Commonwealth, out of the United Nations, out of the West than knuckle under. Better take the desperate chance, establish a haven for other white men in Africa and wait until black Africa shocks the West with the bloody truth about itself.

An Only Way Out

Only one hopeful development has taken place in this grim situation. There is a growing recognition among Nationalists that the Colored (mixed-breed) people are largely off-white Afrikaners. Most of them speak Afrikaans as their home language and go to Afrikaans churches. There is no "Bantu homeland," however small, to which this group can be returned, even in theory. It is being steadily borne in upon Afrikaners that if they drew the Colored folk into their orbit, they would nearly double the size of the officially acknowledged Afrikaans group. Not only would this bring a fresh access of security and overshadow the one million English completely, it would also begin to restore political and racial respectability in the eyes of the western world—perhaps even in some parts of Africa.

The problem is, will Dr. Verwoerd and his chill northern puritans allow this development to take place, and if it is allowed can it take place fast enough? Or will the apartheid fanatic perceive that once the Colored people are accepted as equals, the dikes of color will be breached and will soon cave in? It seems almost as if fate has offered a way out and at the same time built up the intransigence that may refuse it too long. The Coloreds themselves may have been too deeply wounded in the last few years by the Nationalists' reckless maneuvers to rob them of their century-old vote.

In the Union outside the African reserves—that eighty-seven per cent of the land known as white South Africa—the Afrikaners, the English, the Coloreds, and the Asians are together more or less numerically equal to the Africans. By learning to accept one nonwhite minority as equals, the Afrikaners could begin to see their one road to salvation.

The minorities would combine to balance the blacks in "white" South Africa. The reserves, the present "Bantu homelands," would become all-black states. A federation between "white" or multiracial South Africa and these black states could allow a generous franchise to all without any fear of being swamped—even the blacks in the wealthy multiracial area would not want to be "swamped" by too many tribal relatives looking for jobs.

For a long time ahead the white groups, by sheer weight of education, wealth, and knowhow, would control the multiracial areas, and the multiracial areas would control the Federation. The advance to the inevitable day when black numbers would dominate the scene in every way would be slow and reasonably peaceful. It might even give the augmented Afrikaners a chance to assert the permanent dominance of their language and culture peacefully and democratically.

But the mood of the leaders of the Nationalist Party is scarcely inclined to considerations of peace and democracy at the moment. All the other political parties among the whites stand for some form of multiracial balance. However, although among them they control a good half of the country's voters, none is apt to develop strength enough to topple the Nationalists in time to prevent disaster.

One of the most disturbing features of the South African situation is the general sense of waiting for something outside to happen. All the major contestants are waiting on events elsewhere. The United Party waits for the externally organized economic crackdown to bring the Afrikaners to their senses. The active young liberal offshoot of the U.P., the Progressive Party, waits on this and more crumbling within its parent body to present it with its big opportunity. The gallant little Liberal Party, which was unintimidated by the arrest of a dozen of its

leaders during the "emergency," says frankly that only boycotts, sanctions, and external pressure can change the situation now. The battered Africans place their hopes in such action and in something even more active from the new independent states.

The Afrikaner Nationalists themselves have a faith that events in the outside world will come to their rescue. They believe that only when the worst happens and complete chaos overtakes independence in Africa will the world recognize the rightness of their position. In the meantime they dare not relax their grip on power—or on all their deepest prejudices.

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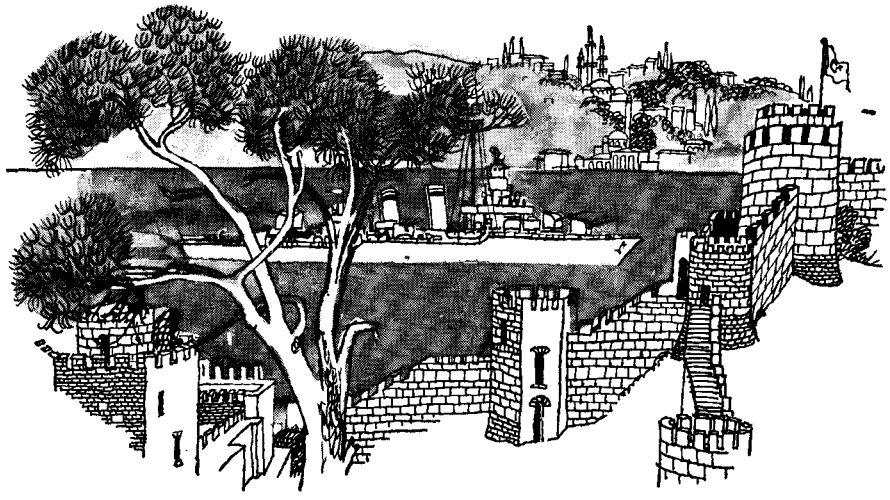

Turkey's Long Interregnum

CLAIRE STERLING

ANKARA

WITHIN HOURS of seizing power on May 27, Turkish Army leaders swore to turn the country back to civilian rule as soon as possible. The Turks believed them. Outsiders were not so sure. Members of military juntas, however noble their original intentions, are rarely inclined to retire to their barracks after taking command of a nation. Would these officers really find it so simple when the time came?

By now, the question is becoming rather pointed. The 470 representatives of the ousted Menderes régime who were arrested last May are still imprisoned on the island of Yassi; their trial, which was to have been held in June, has been postponed until September or later. The new constitution, promised for early summer, has not even been drafted. Neither has the new election law. And the elections themselves, also promised for early summer, have been put off indefinitely: this fall, next spring, possibly the fall of 1961. But most Turks still think the junta will keep its word, and the Turkish Army's word means a good deal.

The military coup here has often been compared with others that have taken place with depressing regularity in this part of the world, particularly with Nasser's. The comparison is hardly fair. Not only is the Turkish Army nine times larger than Nasser's—more than half a million troops as against sixty thousand—but its officers are much less provincial, better educated and disciplined, more closely bound to a rigid code of honor. It is a proud army where Nasser's was dejected, united where his was divided, and patriotic in a special sense that few Egyptians would understand. In Turkey, patriotism is not merely love of country. It is a love for the kind of country that Kemal Atatürk tried to make. The Turks' reverence for his teachings has not diminished since his death in 1938; and they regard their army as the guardian of these ideals.

The Junta Juggles Adroitly

The notion that this army is traditionally detached from politics—as the Turks are constantly reminding foreigners and each other nowadays—is more legend than fact: the sole interlude of pure civilian rule in Turkey during the last half century was the one provided by Premier Adnan Menderes himself. But the army's political intervention has generally been judicious and restrained. It hesitated for years before moving against Menderes, however egregiously he flouted Atatürk's principles; and when it did move, it was only to complete a revolution that students, professors, writers, journalists, and practically every other kind of intellectual in the country had been preparing for a long time.

Even now, after carrying off one of the neatest military coups of our time, the junta is paying careful attention to legal niceties. Nominally, Turkey is still run by a parliamentary government, with a provisional parliament (the thirty-eight-man junta itself), a predominantly civilian cabinet, and an interim chief of state. True, General Cemal Gursel represents all three: he is president, premier, and head of the junta. But the formal distinctions are carefully preserved. With the same elaborate care, the junta has set up civilian commissions of eminent jurists, professors, and other men of science, as the army respectfully calls them—not only to draw up a new constitution and election law but also to prepare an indictment of the Menderes régime which, by establishing its essential illegality, would give legal justification to the revolution itself.

This is probably the first time in history that an entire régime—president, prime minister, cabinet, governors, prefects, mayors, deputies—will be brought to trial in a body. The concept is admirable. It is plainly more civilized to give erring government officials a courtroom hearing than to execute them summarily with a midnight firing squad. For political purposes, however, the firing squad might have proved less troublesome.

Morally, of course, the Menderes régime already stands indicted for its harsh repression of liberty and for shocking waste, dishonesty, and degrading political buffoonery. Nevertheless, the junta is finding it hard to give this indictment a correct juridical form. Despite months of industrious legal study, the state's prosecutors will almost certainly have to improvise as they go along. They will also have to drop many lurid charges that had been talked about in the early days of the revolution. The atrocities reported originally by army spokesmen—the hundreds of students killed by Menderes' police during the spring riots, the bodies ground

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up for fertilizer or hidden in cold-storage refrigerators—have turned out to be mostly fiction; only two student deaths have been verified, one alone caused by police.

Even the accusations of corruption will probably have to be toned down. There is no doubt that Premier Menderes squandered a great part of Turkey's patrimony, or that few of his government officials were able to keep their hands out of the public till. But with one or two notable exceptions--Foreign Minister Zorlu, President Celâl Bayar—not many appear to have amassed the kind of fortune that would command the respect of a Swiss banker.

FOR THE MOST PART, therefore, the prosecution will have to fall back on the old constitution. Its terms are largely generic. But it does list at least two pertinent crimes—high treason and violation of the constitution itself—punishable by life imprisonment or death. The junta has recently scaled these penalties downward and upward: it has reduced the life sentence to anywhere from five to ten years for "passive" offenders, and removed the sixty-five-year age limit for the death penalty. Since ex-President Bayar is seventy-four, this makes him an obvious candidate for execution, and there will be more: some say four or five, others say forty or fifty. At any rate, the junta obviously intends to demand some death sentences and, on whatever legal grounds, will probably get them.

The Turks are accustomed to the death penalty for political sinners. For centuries, their sultans had habitually dismissed a grand vizier no longer in favor by sending him a black silken cord to tighten around his neck with his own hand. But Atatürk's Turkey has moved a long way westward since then, and the cold, considered execution of men like Bayar and Menderes—scoundrels, perhaps, but not professional killers —would not leave the country unmoved.

It is not the illiterate mob, in this case, that is howling for blood. The demand is coming from Turkey's intellectuals, who argue that in a democracy so young and sorely tried, this is the only way to ensure that what happened under Menderes will never happen again. Sanguine as this view might seem, the junta shares it and feels, furthermore, that since the issue is so delicate, it alone must take the responsibility for seeing the executions through. Foreign diplomats here almost unanimously disapprove of that decision—though not without noting the courage of the officers who made it.

There have been other difficult decisions. It has not been easy, for instance, to resist the pressure for quick elections. The army itself had promised them, and the Turks, though grateful for what the junta has done, are impatient for the government to be settled. But a hurried election this summer or fall would have put Turkey right back under the domination of a single political party. To be sure, it would be a different party this time: not the Menderes Democrats, who are outlawed at present, but Ismet Inönü's Republican People's Party. For the moment, the change might be welcome. The Republicans have been fighting in the front lines against Menderes for many years, and their leader is a disciple of Atatürk's who served as premier under the great leader himself. Nevertheless, General Inönü is a sturdy old autocrat in his own right, and it was on the basis of *his* sins in office after Atatürk died that Menderes swept him out by a landslide vote in 1950. The return of this party to power with no strong opposition, as the junta somewhat belatedly realized, might give the army another job to do before many more years.

Where Is the Leader?

The problem, however, was where to find the opposition. Between them, the Democrats and Republicans have long monopolized the Turkish political scene, each of them polling about three and a half million votes. The only other parties in sight have been the Republican Peasant Nation Party, with about a million votes, and the Freedom Party, which started as a splinter group of Democrats and joined the Republicans after a brief fling at independence. None of these groups, in its present form, seems to offer Turkey a shining political future. The junta, however, evidently hopes that all of them, Democrats included, eventually will find a new set of leaders, ideas, and ethics if given enough time. This too suggests a somewhat optimistic view of politics and politicians. But the army hasn't adopted it without taking certain precautions.

The junta's plan, as its spokesmen explain, is to get so much groundwork done before handing the country back to the politicians that they would have to make a strenuous effort to go wrong. The new constitution, for instance, is being drafted with scrupulous care, with a two-chamber parliament, a supreme and constitutional court, and every other possible check and balance that can be built into it. The electoral system is being thoroughly revamped so as to provide proportional representation without permitting the kind of weighting that gave the Democrats three-fourths of the seats in parliament with less than half the popular vote. The explanation of these reforms, and of the purpose behind them, is being carried to the most remote Turkish villages by roving bands of student volunteers; and while waiting for the message to sink in, the junta is making a colossal effort to get the country on its feet economically.

SINCE THE TRUMAN DOCTRINE was announced in 1947, Turkey has had nearly $2 billion in military aid and defense support from the United States, and another $800 million worth of loans, grants, and surplus commodities. Menderes received the bulk of this during his ten-year rule. By 1958, however, he was so close to bankruptcy that the United States, the Office of European Economic Cooperation, and the International Monetary Fund had to bail him out with a package loan of $359 million. By the time the junta removed him last May, he had not only run through all of this but had already borrowed—for the first five months of 1960—the total amount that an International Monetary Fund stabilization agreement had permitted him to borrow from the Turkish Central Bank for the whole year. He had gone through this too so effectively that the junta could not find enough money in the treasury to meet the government's June payroll. As a final legacy, he left behind a foreign debt of $1,355

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million, more than half of it due for repayment in the next five years.

One reason for this appalling situation is the Turkish tax structure. Though the peasants here make up eighty per cent of the population, they do not pay taxes; and since they were the backbone of Menderes's electorate, he never showed the slightest interest in making them pay any. Another factor was the former government's penchant for pilfering. But by far the most important was Menderes's mania for public investments: factories, roads, ports, buildings, bridges. Some of these projects were undertaken with American or IMF approval. Others were simply started anyway, on the theory that if the money ran out Menderes could always pass the hat again. Few governments anywhere have gone on such a prolonged and reckless spending binge. But whatever Menderes's critics may be saying these days, by no means all of this spending was wasted.

As a matter of fact, Turkey is now at what economists call the economic breakthrough point. Though Menderes has sent the country careening into inflation and left it with a horde of creditors pounding at the door, he has gotten an industrial labor force at least partly trained, more or less completed a modern road network, built cement, sugar, and textile factories and a steel mill, and in general brought Turkey much closer to industrialization than it was when he took over. A careful and clever government might reap a fine harvest from what long seemed to be wild oats.

Nuances but Not Neutralism

Aware of these possibilities, the junta has put Turkey's best economists into its cabinet and new economic planning board. Their presence is a delight to American financial advisers here, who can finally talk in technical terms and be perfectly understood. The new men have already cut Menderes's inflationary budget by fifteen per cent, frozen government wheat prices (to the peasants' dismay), begun to prune away at public investments, and opened fresh negotiations for yet another American loan. They will assuredly get it; and for the first time in many years, Washington will be giving the Turks money with no mental reservations.

This might not have been the case a few months ago. Western diplomats, though relieved by the fall of a man who had been a perpetual source of embarrassment, had no way of knowing what might come next. They did not really fear a shift toward Nasser's kind of positive neutralism, still less toward an outright pro-Soviet position. The Turks, who have fought scores of wars with Russia, still use the name of that country to frighten naughty children; and NATO has had no firmer ally since it was formed. But after a series of unsettling experiences with military juntas elsewhere, these diplomats were jumpy on principle.

As it turns out, they have had no cause for anxiety. There have been one or two nuances in foreign policy: the junta has withdrawn all but three hundred of the five thousand Turkish troops in Korea (where they had been the only foreign contingent left besides our own); it has mentioned no desire for more modern armament, possibly including atomic warheads; it has hinted, from time to time, that Turkey should be consulted more closely on western policy; and it has made some friendly overtures to neighboring Arab states —though these were dropped abruptly when Nasser suddenly demanded that Turkey should cede the province of Alexandretta to Syria. None of these moves seems abnormal, particularly since the junta has repeated solemnly, time and again, its determination to preserve Turkey's foreign commitments intact.

By and large, therefore, the junta has been doing well—well enough, in fact, to make one wonder whether civilian politicians here could do any better. The Turks, however, consider this question invalid, even illegitimate. The army has done its duty, they say, which was no more than they had expected of it, and now, or soon, it must go.

Will it? Perhaps not. However upright and honorable, these Turkish officers are human. They cannot help but enjoy, if not power, at least a sense of high achievement. They are admired, indeed beloved, by the people. They have a great deal of work to do, with little time allotted to do it in. Consciously, they might reject the idea of staying where they are indefinitely. By putting off their departure from month to month or year to year, they might end by doing so.

ACCORDING TO MOST diplomats in Ankara and Istanbul, however, the chances are that they will go. The situation here, they point out, is not like Egypt's, where one man with vast powers and vaster ambitions was in a position to impose his will. Though the junta has a titular leader, General Gursel, he did not organize it—he was brought in by plane from Smyrna only a few hours before the coup—and does not really direct it now. As far as anyone knows, neither does anybody else. The workings of the thirty-eight-man junta, and of the hundred-man inner circle of officers said to surround it, are kept as closely secret as the revolution was. Two or three officers are said to be the best brains of the group: Colonel Turkes, Colonel Köksal, Major General Madanöglu. But to all appearances, at least so far, the leadership is authentically collective.

Individually, of course, any of these officers might decide to stay in politics, either joining some existing party or forming one of his own. He would be more than welcome to do that here, provided he resigns his commission first. But should any or all of them decide to stay put in a group, as army men, they would have to answer not only to the people but to the formidable Turkish Army itself. The army here does not take an oath lightly; and the text of the oath to which this junta swore leaves no room for misunderstanding: "I will devote myself to the Turkish nation with no consideration except for the principles of morality, justice, law, and human rights, and without expecting any compensation whatsoever. I will not pursue any ideal which is contrary to the sacredness of my country, and to her national sovereignty. I will not deviate from my adherence to the ideal of establishing a democratic republic based on the new constitution, and of handing over the government to the new National Assembly. I hereby take this oath on my honor, self-respect, and everything I hold sacred."

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On the Express to Budapest

FLORA LEWIS

BUDAPEST

To look at the freight cars in the Vienna railyards, you would never know Europe is split. There were cars with Czech, Italian, Hungarian, French, German, and Yugoslav as well as Austrian markings, and cars simply marked "Europe." They all looked the same, dusty, red, and boxy, with only the white railwaymen's code to mark the difference.

The sleek olive-green express, made up of four passenger cars, a diner, and a diesel locomotive, looked like the other extra-fare trains about to pull out for Rome, Copenhagen, and Paris from the neighboring platforms. The crowds waving good-by from our platform were larger, though, and more excited, with some eyes wet. They acted as though the people they had come to see off were going on a much longer journey than the passengers boarding other trains. Budapest is only 175 miles from Vienna, but in certain ways it does seem on the still more or less hidden side of the moon.

The Austrian passport-control official came through collecting documents before the train was fairly out of the yards, his tone a bit more peremptory than is usual nowadays at the easygoing borders of tourist-happy Western Europe. Each of the passengers in the red-plush compartment watched discreetly to see what kind of papers the others handed over. It is a way of answering the first vital question about fellow travelers without making a commitment to chat. The dapper gentleman in pin-striped gray flannel, reminiscent of Adolphe Menjou at his most urbane, had a Hungarian passport.

Scenic photographs encased in glass showed the Danube bridges and the monumental baroque buildings of Budapest, close kin to those just left behind in Vienna. The notices about smoking and when to pull the emergency brake were in Hungarian, repeated politely in formal Russian, German, French, and Italian.

Right after Vienna's neat new suburbs, the neat new villages started, orderly clusters of small green and yellow and brown and brick-colored cottages. Factory chimneys broke the horizon, but stripes of tan wheat, dark spinach, and sea-green cabbage filled all the land in sight. The first and only stop was at Hegyeshalom, the border. There the Hungarian officials and ticket takers came through. No one else got on or off, but the train waited half an hour while they made the first check.

The train started again. The Hungarian had not said a word. He had acknowledged me, with a smile, when the customs inspector asked if there was anything to declare. Only some little presents, he answered in a wheedling tone automatic for addressing officialdom, "nothing worth much." The smile, a private communication, was at once one of complicity between fellow passengers having to deal with customs inspectors and of apology for not having any wonders to describe.

When the Hungarian spoke to me an hour later, it was without preamble and in a low voice, as though a private dialogue had been going on for some time already, or perhaps from the habit of discretion.

"I really didn't buy much in Vienna," he said; "little things for the children and some souvenirs. With the exchange rate, Vienna is expensive for us. Besides, you can get everything in Budapest now, everything you want if you have the money." Pride, or at least a need to display it, ballooned as he went on, lifting him into more and more enthusiastic accounts of his own city and turning his eyes away from the brightness of Vienna.

"There is English cloth if you know where to look, and we have jewelry shops now too. Of course, the gold is only fourteen-carat, but if you know your way around Budapest, you can find eighteen-carat. And there are lots of new buildings, some of them even very beautiful. Did you know we have three imported motels for tourists up at Lake Balaton? We bought them at the Brussels fair.

"Look around when you get there, look at the shops and the cafés, you won't even notice it's a Communist country. You, an American, will be surrounded with the best of everything, and you will imagine yourself anywhere in Europe."

The eagerness was obviously designed to convince not me but himself. It failed, for he went on still more quietly, "Of course, if you stay long enough to look below the surface, into peoples' lives, it's quite different." His Hungarian pride had brought him back to face what he had been trying to forget, and he stopped talking as abruptly as he began.

Khrushchev's Corn

It was beginning to darken, but there was still enough light to see the countryside. There had been a sudden change shortly after the border, the multicolored lines of varied crops giving way to a sea of low-standing corn that stretched out in all directions. Even where little orchards remained, some peasant's private stubbornness no doubt, pale cornstalks sprouted among the tree trunks to show the flood was irresistible. It was an abrupt reminder of Nikita Khrushchev's corn mania. There had been nothing else but these great undivided fields of corn to show that the train had passed into the world of Communism.

As the light faded, large red neon stars illuminated the horizon. I asked if they marked the villages that had been collectivized.

The gentleman laughed at the question. "Not necessarily," he said. "You see, they've been sending district party workers out from the towns to jam this collectivization drive down the villagers' throats. They don't know anything about farming, but a lot of these Communists want to show right away that they are really accomplishing something. The easiest and showiest way they know is to put up a red neon star. What can the peasants do? They've all had to join the collectives 'voluntarily.'" His tone clearly put the word in quotes. "Do you know what 'voluntarily' means? Ask all the people you meet if they are

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Communists," he advised, boldly now. "They will tell you no."

THE REVELATION of his own stand seemed to relieve him. He settled back to guide a newcomer to his country, offering what he felt to be a necessary explanation of his presence on a Vienna-Budapest train. He was a lawyer, and had business to conduct in Vienna, "which is why I could get a passport," he said. There was talk about how lawyers work in Budapest now, in co-operatives of ten or twelve.

"I have permission to receive clients at home," he continued. "That makes a big difference. In our office, the desks are one right next to the other, and clients don't like to talk when the people at the next table can hear everything. I visited Prague and saw a lawyers' co-operative there. Their room was partitioned off, with separate cubbyholes and even a separate part for the typists. That was really fine." He sighed. "It is right to have a place where clients really like to come and consult. Ah well," he said, "Budapest is still so short of space.

"Things have already changed a great deal. Of course, the middle classes are very badly off. I lost everything more times then I can remember. My apartment is right near the Parliament Building, and after the revolution they came and burned a lot of places down, for no reason, just spite. I had a collection of good paintings, twenty-seven of them, and they burned them all. But what is that if your life is spared?"

The question was put whether he and his compatriots were bitter now at the West's failure to help.

"What could you do?" he asked a little sharply. "It was our business, and we tried. We went too far. Well, that's over, and people are depressed now, and this disease is spreading. Still, things are a lot better.

"The most important is security. People aren't afraid of the midnight doorbell any more. You don't have to worry every minute. That's a very big difference; you must understand how much it means. And I can get western newspapers now, too. Friends of mine work in foreign-trade departments and in a couple of ministries, and they get the papers. Once every week or ten days, they bring me a stack to read. I keep up, all right; it's quite possible now if you know how to go about it."

The western papers reminded him of American politics, and he asked who would win the elections. He knew the candidates and their supporters, and had firm opinions.

"You've got to be tough with Khrushchev," he said. "That disease spreads most when things are calm. That's the trouble. War is out of question, but peace helps *them*. I want a tough President, it's the only hope." He spoke as though he considered the American President as his own chief executive. He said, "If I could vote this time . . ."

The Inspector

That was when the Hungarian customs inspector came through for the final check. He looked at all the bags on the rack, and ordered the American one pulled down. He didn't offer to help, but the Hungarian passenger jumped up to save me the trouble.

"Open it," said the inspector. It was opened.

"Riffle through the things." I refused, saying it was the inspector's right if he chose. The Hungarian passenger obliged, and at a nod from the inspector put the bag back on the rack.

When the official had gone, my fellow passenger leaned forward to explain. He was embarrassed, fearful that the inspector had made a bad impression.

"You see, the inspector doesn't want people to say that he is soft on Americans, letting them get by without any trouble while he picks on others. He just had to make you open your bag. But he's still a gentleman. He wouldn't dream of touching your clothes."

The Hungarian leaned forward to retrieve a Vienna paper that lay with my American and English newspapers. "I believe this one is mine," he said; "the inspector didn't notice it.

"Yes," he went on, "we have personal security now. There was a joke in the days just after the revolution. People fleeing to Austria all carried pictures of Rákosi. When the guards asked why, they said it was the cheapest cure in case they got homesick."

He began to speak about Janos Kadar, the present Hungarian leader, and about how different Kadar is from Rákosi. The tone was compassionate, as though Kadar were a fellow victim, and the tortures Kadar managed to survive in Rákosi's prisons were recalled. Then he returned to the refrain of shops and goods and money.

"We still have some private shops, you know. We go to them even if it's out of the way, because that's a form of support. Some of the shopkeepers are doing very well, too. They go to good restaurants and buy nice clothes. They have no sense, those stupid people. They seem to imagine they live in a capitalist country. Naturally, when they make a show of their income like that, the first thing that happens is a big new tax bill. Some people never learn, they just can't keep from showing off.

"But Budapest looks very nice, you'll enjoy it. Be sure you're given the tourist rate of exchange. You're entitled to it and it makes quite a difference."

IT WAS DARK and the train was pulling into the dim Budapest station. There were crowds on the platform and they shrieked with excitement as the passengers got off, as though they were not really sure the people they were meeting would be on the train. A group greeted the lawyer. He produced a plastic bag full of little parcels that had been hidden by the battered valise and briefcase.

"You see," he said, "they are only little presents, and all packed separately too. The inspector could have seen them if he'd asked."

It turned out that he was right about everything. Budapest did look nice, the people were depressed, they were trying as hard as he to find pleasure and enjoyment in ordinary things, and they were trying just as carefully to avoid the daily risks of a way of life from which they could see no escape.

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The 'Silent Ones' Speak Up in Tennessee

DAVID HALBERSTAM

NASHVILLE

THE DIMENSIONS of Estes Kefauver's victory over Circuit Judge Andrew T. Taylor in Tennessee's Democratic senatorial primary are as sizable as the stakes were high. By putting up Taylor, who has strong roots in the West Tennessee cotton country and a proved ability to attract votes in other parts of the state, the segregationists and conservatives led with their best. It was Kefauver's toughest fight, and the senator, who had been a key figure at the last two Democratic national conventions, stayed home this time to devote himself to the campaign. The opposition pictured Kefauver in total collapse, the collapse of the clown. For much of the campaign Kefauver himself was genuinely scared; even the last week, when it began to appear that he was pulling ahead, he privately predicted only a majority of about 80,000. But when it was all over, Kefauver had 450,533 votes to Taylor's 240,609. Kefauver carried eighty of Tennessee's ninety-five counties and seven of the nine Congressional districts. Even in Memphis, a Deep South city where Taylor people had predicted majorities of 35,000 to 60,000, Kefauver led by 11,000 votes. The rout was complete. One of Taylor's managers said disconsolately to a friend in election-night depression: "It's all right with me. I don't care. If they want to give the state and the schools and everything else over to the niggers, I don't care. No sir."

There is no doubt that what started as a panicky attempt to save Kefauver's Senate seat from a conservative opponent will have a profound effect on the politics of Tennessee—and other Southern states—during the next decade. "If they had gotten Estes they could have gone on from there, gotten Albert [Senator Gore] and then the congressmen, and scared every other Southerner with a liberal idea," according to George Barrett, a young Nashville labor attorney. Men like Barrett are convinced that the race issue in Tennessee senatorial campaigns, and probably in gubernatorial campaigns as well, is dead and that liberal politicians and newspaper editors, many of whom have relied on Kefauver as something of a buffer and would be extremely vulnerable if he were removed, will feel a new sense of independence. As Kefauver said after the returns were in: "I think this will give great encouragement to other Southern congressmen, men who have been wanting to get away from this blind opposition on civil rights, but who have been intimidated by some of the forces around them."

'Our Kind of Folks'

Southern segregationists have long harbored a special enmity for Kefauver. The campaign to equate his name with the epithet "nigger-lover" has been so successful that it has often seemed the Kefauver supporter could be defined as a man who, when questioned about his feelings on the senator, says nothing. "Estes has all the silent ones," says Frank Gray, his state campaign manager. But while the anti-Kefauver feeling begins with racial fears, it is sponsored, articulated, and financed by powerful interests and conservative newspapers whose main fears are economic rather than racial. "Sometimes," a Kefauver worker remarked during the campaign, "I can't tell whether they're fighting Estes or trying to get even with F.D.R."

The main argument of these people is that Kefauver has never been tested in Tennessee. They say that in 1948 when he was elected to the Senate, the old Memphis Crump machine support was split and Kefauver won by a minority vote against two conservative candidates; that when he was up for re-election in 1954, his opponent, Congressman Pat Sutton, who traveled the state in a helicopter, put on talkathons, and overdid the red baiting, was not the kind of candidate conservatives could rally behind. This made 1960 the do-or-die year for the Estes haters. "If we don't get him now, we never will," one Taylor aide admitted.

At the start of the campaign Taylor was the hottest commodity in Tennessee politics. He came fresh from an impressive race for governor in 1958 and appeared assured of being the next senator. Avoiding the mistakes of the Sutton-Kefauver race and the Prentice Cooper-Albert Gore race, in which too much money was spent too quickly and too many charges were carried too far, Taylor set out to wage a much more subtle campaign against Kefauver. Where past Southern campaigns tried to create their own fears, the Taylor campaign tried to take advantage of fears that already existed just below the surface (by an occasional reference to sit-ins, an occasional reminder of the Democratic Party platform). Where other campaigns flashed their spending early and openly, this time money was spent quietly. All in all, Taylor employed a relatively soft sell. It's true that he politely accused Kefauver of being soft on Communism ("I know Mr. Kefauver is not a Communist") and of being anti-Tennessee (he did not sign the Southern Manifesto, he sold Virginia down the river at the Democratic convention in 1952, he votes for civil-rights bills, etc.). But Taylor clearly showed that he realized things have been changing in Tennessee by his statement that the right to vote was a good thing for everyone. (He mentioned nothing about guarantees.)

Taylor's basic approach was a carefully planned appeal to provincialism. The Taylor slogan, plastered all over the state, was "Our Kind of Folks." The idea was that Taylor was "Tip" Taylor (a good fellow), that he was Judge "Tip" Taylor (therefore a responsible good fellow), that he was safe and steady with nothing alien or different about him, that in the words of one campaign manager, "He's the kind of folks you'd like to have for a neighbor." Taylor himself developed this theme (and its corollary, that

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Estes was not our kind of folks) with a prolonged description of a fund-raising party given for Kefauver in Washington. He reminded his listeners that this was outside money coming into Tennessee. Three times in one speech he would mention that the party "was held on a Sunday," that it was attended by Northern radicals, that not a single Southern congressman was there, that the leaders at the party were one "Jiggs" Donohue "and a wealthy Washington liquor wholesaler named Milton Kronheim." This was a campaign aimed at touching as many fears as possible while still remaining respectable. At times the Taylor campaign bewildered the Kefauver people. "My God, it's rough," said one Kefauver worker. "You can't really argue with a man about being a good fellow and a patriotic Tennessean. And he's trying to outhandshake us too! It certainly is rough."

'I've Got to Help Old Estes'

It was especially rough on Kefauver himself. Each day he was up at five or six, handshaking at the change of shifts at a factory, and for the rest of the day it was more speaking engagements, always handshaking, always an hour behind, finishing up the day dictating a barrage of the personal letters ("Your help is mighty fine") that are a Kefauver public-relations trademark. The senator himself is surely one of the most enigmatic politicians of our time. Even his aides are cautious in their judgments of what kind of man he really is. He appears to be a loner, the kind of public man who likes to surround himself with lots of people and then say as little as possible to them. His political record shows that no one group can consider him its property, and there is no mistaking the courage that stands out in his voting record, as revealed, for instance, in the single dissenting vote he cast in August, 1954, on the bill to outlaw the Communist Party. The measure, sponsored by liberal Democrats, was designed to end the McCarthy-Nixon charges that the Democrats were the party of treason. Kefauver had just finished a bitter campaign against Sutton in which Communism was the major issue. "I remember that day," says Dick Wallace, then his legislative assistant. "All our friends in Memphis had heard about the bill and they called up to tell Estes that this was the perfect chance to end all that talk about being a Commie. It was a little hard to break the news."

It is part of the Kefauver enigma that the sophisticated graduate of the Yale Law School who votes his conscience on a scare bill has built his political career on a kind of ingenuous rustic folksiness. His appeal is to

the little man and his handshaking is part of the national folklore; and yet his manner with people is more reserved than that of many natural-born politicians. ("I've met many self-made highbrows in my life," one friend has remarked, "but Estes is the only self-made lowbrow I've ever met.") He is renowned as a brilliant campaigner, yet his schedule is lined with mixups and his speeches are cluttered with *faux pas*. "Estes is the only man I know who can turn ineptitude into an asset," according to another friend. "People see him plowing his way through a speech and they think: 'I've got to help old Estes out. Estes won't make it without my help.' " Somehow, almost in spite of himself, he manages to get across. His final state-wide television address in the last hours of the campaign was a catastrophe as far as his aides were concerned: Kefauver was exhausted and he read through the speech as if he were always a page or two behind. The next day an aide questioned a carpenter about the speech. "He had a pretty hard time getting it out, didn't he?" asked the aide anxiously. "Sure he did," said the carpenter, "but you could tell that he was trying to say the right thing."

KEFAUVER pulled no punches on civil rights. He delivered the best speeches of the campaign in rural West Tennessee, which is politically kin to Alabama and Mississippi, and where Taylor people expected a lead of 100,000 and ended up with a mere 8,000. He outlined his vote on the 1960 civil-rights bill this way: "I thought it was a fair and just bill and I could not clear it with my conscience to vote against the right to vote. I don't know how we can hold our heads up in the world if we deprive people of this right. I'll tell you something else—our friends from the North and West aren't going to help us with the TVA if they can't reason with us and expect our support on fair bills like this. But if there's someone here who's against the right to vote, maybe he'll raise his hand and tell us why." No hands were raised.

Kefauver had several distinct advantages over his opponent in the campaign: his seniority (a potent factor in the South); the backing of labor, very strong politically in an area where labor is still fighting for basic gains that other regions have already achieved); the wholehearted support of Negroes (about 60,000 vote in Tennessee, and in one sample precinct Kefauver polled 648 votes to Taylor's 6); his long and vigorous support of TVA as against his opponent's circle of anti-TVA people (in Tennessee the TVA is so basic to prosperity that even the reactionary newspapers pay lip service to it); his support of the Atlantic Alliance and trade programs (which appealed to independent voters, particularly after Taylor came out for some trade restrictions).

Furthermore, Taylor faced a num-

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ber of problems himself. He began the campaign by going before a meeting of the state municipal association and delivering a cogent conservative speech outlining his criticism of certain kinds of Federal aid. But some of his supporters in Middle Tennessee howled after the speech, and Taylor quickly backed down; from then on he listed only those forms of Federal aid he favored, and promised to vote for all Federal aid programs that were good for Tennessee, and against all those that were bad. It came as a surprise to the conservatives who supported Taylor when they had to face the fact that, with the exception of civil rights, many liberal programs are exceptionally popular. Taylor ended up me-tooing on social security, TVA, old-age assistance, and farm aid.

Had the election been held right after the Democratic convention, Taylor might well have won on the basis of sit-in fears; had the election been held two weeks earlier than it was, the result might have been close. But then an unusual thing happened: the pro-Taylor newspapers oversold the idea that their man was about to beat Kefauver, and great droves of independent voters turned up at the polls to "help old Estes."

'Ouch!'

The race was watched closely from beyond Tennessee's borders, and Democratic leaders, including Kefauver himself, were quick to read into the results a portent for the November election: a liberal Democrat who came close to representing the party's platform won in Tennessee; therefore the Democratic ticket will win there, too. This view may be a little too optimistic. If Taylor had won, it would certainly have been a bad sign, and it surely would have given new enthusiasm to the Republican leaders. But it must be remembered that thousands of East Tennessee Republicans crossed into the Democratic primary to vote for Kefauver (because he is an East Tennessean, and because they resent segregationist campaigns, even artfully veiled ones). Moreover, Middle Tennessee, which is the heartland of traditional and liberal Democratic Party strength in the state, is also the heartland of fundamentalist religious feeling in Tennessee. It will not be easy for the Kennedy ticket to carry the state in November. But the same people who must work hard if the state is to go Democratic in November are those who worked for Kefauver, and the primary left them both well organized and enthusiastic.

BUT THE SIGNIFICANCE of Kefauver's victory extends beyond the coming campaign and the coming election. The Kefauver victory represents a major change, and perhaps nothing illustrates its effects better than a post-election editorial in the conservative Memphis *Commercial Appeal,* a bitterly anti-Kefauver paper that helped push Taylor into the race. The editorial, entitled "Ouch," spoke for many Southerners, in Tennessee and elsewhere, when it said: "We thought Judge Taylor more closely represented the thinking of the majority of the electorate. We misjudged, quite obviously . . . Without rancor, and in the best of humor, we will continue to view his [Kefauver's] progress with a more thoughtful attitude. In short, Senator Kefauver won, and his victory serves to emphasize the need for some of us to examine more closely the things that brought it about as well as the things he advocates."

Rockefeller to the Rescue

ROBERT BENDINER

AT THE MOMENT of Richard Nixon's nomination for the Presidency a good many reporters, this one included, had an eye on Governor Nelson Rockefeller. Decked out in Nixon buttons and ribbons, he stood on a chair waving, applauding, and responding to greetings with "Thanks fella, thanks a thousand" (a million might be too suggestive). But observers put all this down to the ritualistic obligation of the good loser.

There is ample evidence that the governor was in fact no more ecstatic about the Nixon nomination at that point than he had ever been. But he had accepted the inevitable by then, and his own prospects might very well have given a man of his buoyant nature some reason to smile and mean it. Through no initiative of his own, he had emerged with advantage from a remarkably sticky set of circumstances.

As in all successful diplomacy, the dramatic meeting with Nixon in Rockefeller's Fifth Avenue apartment yielded advantages to both parties. Each party had something to sell that the other wanted to buy, and each came away satisfied with the transaction. Rockefeller escaped a Vice-Presidential trap that might well have been fatal to his ambitions; he won policy concessions that made it possible for him to accept Nixon before his own delegation deserted him, always an embarrassment to a governor; and he avoided the kind of quarantine within the party that has become the fate of Harold Stassen, once a maverick himself and now a public warning. For Nixon there was the opportunity to leave the Eisenhower cocoon while doing classical Chinese reverence to his aged political parent; there was the chance to launch his campaign with a new image calculated to enhance his appeal where it most needed enhancing, that is, in the vote-rich states where elections are decided; and there was most of all the possibility of jockeying Rockefeller into a position where he could not decently refuse to do his best to deliver to Nixon the richest prize of all, the forty-five electoral votes of the State of New York.

LOOKING BACK, it seems remarkable that so tactically sane a move should have struck the convention like a thunderclap, a fair comment perhaps on the weird perspective of conventions. Yet Senator Barry Goldwater, new commander of the party's right flank and soft on Metternich, recoiled in horror at this "spectacle of the party's prospective candidate for the Presidency paying court to the leader of the Republican Left." The Chicago *Tribune's* headline was GRANT SURRENDERS TO LEE, and Leonard Hall, who was Nixon's campaign

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manager, pleaded ignorance and professed shock.

The official version of the great betrayal was that the idea came to Nixon in a flash, that without consulting even the President, he arranged the meeting through Herbert Brownell, who used to manage Dewey campaigns as a career. Hall knew nothing about the move until Nixon was already far gone in discussion with the rebellious governor, and Goldwater threw only this dim light on the episode: "I think that the Vice-President, being the friends that we are, would have told me at eleven o'clock he was going to New York if he knew it. I don't think he knew it at the time. Something happened that probably set off his political antennae and said: 'I had better get together with Nelson because we need some votes in New York,' and that probably is what forced him to go up there."

My own antennae have picked up a report that Nixon's decision was influenced by the same sort of something that occurred just before Rockefeller withdrew from the race last December. That, too, was a sudden decision, following closely on a conference of prominent New York bankers at which it was agreed that every effort should be made to persuade Nelson to abandon the field. Nixon was a perfectly good and reliable candidate, commitments had already been made to support him, and he was pretty sure to win in any case, so why divide the party's financial backing? It now appears likely that Nixon's overture to Rockefeller was at least partially stimulated by the same desire for peace in those quarters and that the move was suggested to Nixon by one of his major contributors.

But Will It Work?

Tactically sound as the "Treaty of Fifth Avenue" may have been, the question remains whether either party to it will get as much out of the agreement as he expected. True, it enabled Nixon to get his campaign launched on a fairly even keel in spite of muffled thunder on the Right. But his main objective, surely, was to get Rockefeller's help in New York, which no Republican in this century has lost without losing the Presidency. And on this score the maneuver may have availed him nought.

It is hardly to be doubted that Rockefeller will campaign earnestly and engagingly for the man he recently charged with carrying a banner "whose only emblem is a question mark." The governor is pledged to take an "active, aggressive part" in the autumn festival, and he is a man of honor. Moreover, and not to be cynical about it, he will be watched every minute and his efforts will be weighed by the party faithful with an eye on 1962, when he must have a second helping at Albany or see his political life snuffed out. And finally, he will have to work hard for the ticket if he is to keep his state senate from going to the Democrats. A shift of six seats would make the difference, and eight Republican seats are considered in jeopardy. Yet, even with

the governor's best efforts, it will take extraordinary good fortune for the Grand Old Party to carry New York if the present state of mind in Republican circles is a fair criterion.

Governor Rockefeller cannot be held responsible for the Nixon-can't-win propaganda that his backers distributed in Chicago, but neither can he help being impressed by some of it. The figures were compiled by his own pollster, who has in the past performed such services for Leonard Hall and the Republican National Committee. In New York, they give Kennedy forty-nine per cent of the vote and Nixon twenty-eight per cent, with twenty-three per cent undecided. Of those who voted for Eisenhower four years ago, thirty per cent are now in the Kennedy camp, according to the poll, while of those who voted for Stevenson, only two per cent report a switch to Nixon. From these and other statistics it is inferred that Kennedy would run strong even in normally Republican areas, especially where there are large numbers of Catholic voters. I encountered the same thought, without statistics, among highly placed Republicans, including a representative who for the first time feels that his seat is in danger. It would seem that Nixon is running scared not for the psychological effect but simply because he *is* scared.

Rockefeller himself has all along voiced uncertainty that New York can be carried for the Republicans this November. While such misgivings might have served as a spur and a challenge if he himself were running, they cannot help but have a dampening effect on his stump services for Nixon. So, inevitably, must the knowledge that a victory for the Vice-President would almost surely destroy Rockefeller's own fondest hopes. In 1968 he will be sixty years old, his face no longer fresh, his smile no longer youthful, and his digestion no longer adapted to the cosmopolitan demands of campaigning. Nixon's defeat, on the other hand, would almost surely mean Rockefeller's nomination four years from now, if the governor gives his best this fall, and he would be more than human if that thought did not occasionally well up in the middle of a peroration.

Beyond these considerations, the fact remains that the famous meeting did not result in the forming of a mutual admiration society. Until the very end of the convention the governor studiously avoided mentioning Nixon by name—and then he gave him the wrong middle initial. He could have sent the delegates home with a lift of the spirit had he offered to make a seconding speech for the Vice-President, but even at the peak of the convention the best he could do for Nixon was to tell a persistent reporter that the party would be "united behind its candidates," reserving words like "pride" and "enthusiasm" for the platform. A month before the convention Thruston B. Morton, the party chairman, remarked that Rockefeller had promised, once the choice was made, to get behind the ticket. But, he added, referring to the governor's baffling behavior, "I don't think these statements qualify him to be such a hot campaigner." He will have to be not only a hot campaigner but an adroit one if he is to gain while his party loses—but at the moment he seems determined to be both hot and adroit.

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The Unleashing of Richard M. Nixon

DOUGLASS CATER

CONSIDERING what had gone before, there seemed to be a touch of acid in President Eisenhower's congratulatory message to the Republican Party's choice for his successor. "I am delighted," the telegram to Nixon read, "that you are at last free to speak freely and frankly in expressing your views on the present and future of our great country." It tended to revive an image raised earlier when Governor Nelson Rockefeller voiced doubts about Republicans marching under a banner whose emblem was a question mark.

Nixon and his aides, in the interim, had worked prodigiously to dispel that image. They had released a catalogue of subjects and dates of his public pronouncements. They undertook a televised question-and-answer marathon with David Susskind. They hastened publication of a book entitled *The Challenges We Face,* skillfully weaving together bits and pieces of speeches over the last few years. Finally, of course, on the very eve of the convention, Nixon worked out jointly with Rockefeller a fourteen-point manifesto purporting to describe their area of agreement. In this last instance particularly, Nixon could well feel that he was living up to Eisenhower's dictum last March that the Vice-President would be "absolutely stupid" to go only as far as the administration's record and then stop.

Yet there have remained areas of ambiguity about the Vice-President's policy that are conceivably vexing to President Eisenhower as well as to others. So much of its evolution has gone on *sub rosa.* So little has been known about where he stood when it was still relevant—when controversy raged and politicians had to stand up and be counted.

TAKE, FOR EXAMPLE, the touchy politics of farm policy. It was Nixon who once declared that the much-berated Ezra Taft Benson was "the greatest Secretary of Agriculture in our country's history." Just before the convention, however, when a reporter asked him about Benson's support of Rockefeller, the Vice-President responded, "I would only suggest that it has been well known that the Secretary and I have had some very basic disagreements . . ." Nixon added that he felt Rockefeller's views were close to Benson's, but he graciously expressed a conviction "that over a period of time I might be able to convince Governor Rockefeller . . . that a new approach is necessary."

On the weighty issue of defense, it is not at all easy to figure out just where between the Eisenhower and Rockefeller polar positions Nixon has staked his own. After reaching the concord with the New York governor, he brought mighty pressures to bear on the reluctant platform committee to add the handful of words—"intensified," "new efforts," "accelerate," "increase expenditures"—that reconciled Rockefeller and, reportedly, irked Eisenhower.

But when it came to spelling out the specific meaning of his own position, Nixon was less than precise. "Here again we have one of those cases where the governor and I both agree that the United States must be second to none in defense," he told reporters. ". . . But [Rockefeller], as a matter of detail, believes that a specific amount for specific purposes should be approved. I, on the other hand, believe we should examine the whole complex of our defense requests and requirements, and then make the decision on the basis of putting the security of the United States first." A persistent reporter wanted to know how large an increase for defense could be effectively spent in next year's budget. Nixon replied rather primly, "That is a question I would not like to comment on at this time because it is a question which is, and should be, properly discussed within the National Security Council; and that decision should be made by the President . . ." Some increase, he observed, would be justified "in view of technological breakthroughs and in view of the threat presented by the increased Soviet activities."

Whether or not this statement of defense policy satisfies Rockefeller, it is distinctly unsatisfying to some defense experts who point out that it is nothing more than the same old vocabulary with which the administration stalls on new defense outlays until forced into them by Congress, then reverses itself with talk about "breakthroughs" and "new appraisals." Nixon has played this game in the past. Last April, he got word that the House Military Appropriations subcommittee was preparing to override the administration budget requests and increase funds for submarines to carry the Polaris missile. Nixon promptly summoned Secretary Gates and within a matter of days the Defense Department had sent a "revised" Polaris request to the House committee. The "technological breakthrough" would seem to have been created in the halls of Congress.

In the same way, it is more likely that Congressional rather than the Soviet "truculence" of which Eisenhower spoke in his August message caused the administration to reverse itself and step up the B-70 program.

On this issue, which has provoked heated battles, Nixon has been notably silent, as he has been on all specific issues in the defense debate. Has he had any difference with the President? "No, I don't think so," Mr. Eisenhower stated at his August 10 news conference. "Certainly if there is, he hasn't come to me with it, and we've talked about it."

'Let's Not Rock the Boat'

"The statement of Governor Rockefeller, issued after our meeting last night," Nixon told reporters on July 23, "is an accurate statement of the agreement that we reached on major issues being considered by the platform committee." Even a cursory reading indicated that there was more—or perhaps less—to the statement than met the eye. Taking account of Rockefeller's pen-

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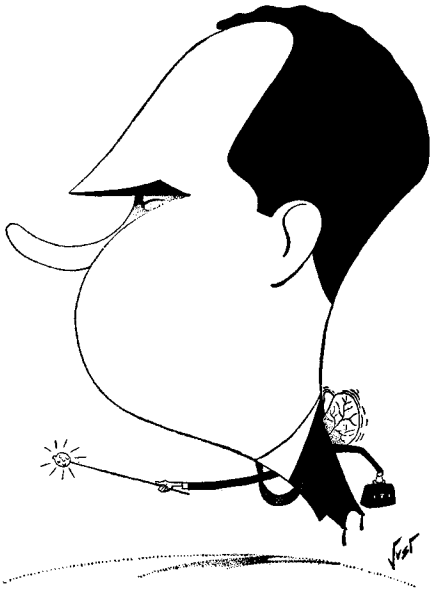
chant for the "growthmanship" that Nixon had denounced only a month earlier, there was an odd reference to Nixon's statement in 1958 that a five per cent annual rate of growth would mean by 1962 an extra $10 billion in tax revenue. Was this Nixon's goal, a reporter asked? "No, I would not say that was my goal. I would say that my goal, and I think the only proper goal for those who do not buy the theory of government-manipulated growth . . . is a maximum growth rate. It might in some instances be three per cent, in some instances four, in some instances five."

A more serious contradiction, however, arose over the flat recommendation in the Rockefeller-Nixon statement that the government should "resume immediately underground nuclear testing for purposes of improving methods of detection." This was a delicate matter to insert into a party platform in view of the negotiations still in progress at Geneva. President Eisenhower rejected the proposal as soon as he learned of it. Questioned about this when he reached Chicago, Nixon backed away completely: "Because there is still a chance that an agreement may be worked out," he announced, "I do not believe that we should rock the boat on those negotiations by what we say in the platform." He offered no explanation for his part in the boat rocking only two days before.

Viewed as an exercise in tactics rather than as a demonstration of over-all strategic aims, Nixon's debut as party leader at the G.O.P. convention tells a great deal about both the man and the party. He showed remarkable callousness toward old and trusting friends when he dropped the fourteen-point manifesto into the lap of the platform committee after its members had finished their deliberations and, in most cases, the actual drafting. Their outrage was all the greater because Chairman Charles Percy, presumably acting for Nixon, had earlier encouraged them to come up with a brief platform that would not bear down too heavily on any one plank.

There appeared to be a similar callousness when Nixon summoned the early-morning conference of forty party leaders to solicit their views on the choice of a Vice-Presidential candidate. According to William Lawrence's report in the New York *Times,* Lodge's acceptance speech had been transmitted by telephone to Chicago a couple of hours earlier. It must have come, indeed, about the same time Congressman Walter Judd was being brought by screeching police cars from the convention hall to offer Nixon the pros and cons of his own candidacy.

One thing was obvious: While making his obeisances to the Republican left wing, the Vice-President felt no need to make even a nod to the Right. Pride of office didn't prevent him (". . . I have never stood on protocol . . .") from going to the governor's home, working on the governor's draft, and allowing the governor to issue it for both of them. In contrast, to a dissident group of conservative delegates at the convention Nixon was pleasant but perfunctory. "You may disagree" he said, referring to the planks on education, labor, and civil rights, but "The question is: are you going to let that group [the Democrats] take over the country?"



Clearly Nixon knew what he was doing. Eight Eisenhower years have brought about a curious mellowing of the party's old guard. Old conservatives with the force and intellectual cutting edge of Eugene Millikin and Robert Taft have passed on. The wild men of the Right—McCarthy, Jenner, Welker, Malone, J. Bracken Lee—have disappeared as abruptly as they arose. In their place stand the bland Republicans. Styles Bridges, the party's most senior and possibly most conservative member in the Senate, would rather work for a special constituent than for a policy. Though they were once quite conservative, Everett Dirksen and Charles Halleck, the Republican leaders in the Senate and House respectively, have shown a remarkable adaptability.

To be sure, Barry Goldwater, the handsome Arizona senator, has staked out a claim for himself as the new Mr. Conservative and attracted a sizable following among the party's youth. He is capable of harsh language at times, as when he denounced the Rockefeller-Nixon meeting as a "Munich." There was talk that he could stir up quite a demonstration among the party's more discontented elements if he would only give the word at Chicago. But Nixon, evidently knowing that his bark was worse than his bite, waited him out, and Goldwater retired graciously.

The real vitality in the G.O.P. today appears to be centered in a group of young representatives, many of whom entered politics about the same time that Nixon did. They would include men like Gerald Ford and Robert P. Griffin of Michigan, John W. Byrnes and Melvin Laird of Wisconsin, John Rhodes of Arizona, Bob Wilson of California, and Thomas Curtis of Missouri. A number of them have maintained close contact with the Vice-President through the Marching and Chowder Society founded by those who came to Congress in the "Class of 1946." They are pragmatic young Republicans who "don't walk out when we don't get everything we want." At the society meetings, a member reports, they enjoy kidding Nixon about his new "liberalism." But, he adds, there are no hard feelings.

The Listener's Turn to Speak

Where does Nixon stand? Or, perhaps more important, which way will he move? There is disagreement on this question among those who have watched him most closely. Joseph Alsop, one of the journalists who have been granted private audiences

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with the Vice-President, believes he has long been straining at the leash. "If Nixon had ever been free to speak out on defense and foreign policy," Alsop has written confidently, "he would now be classed as one of the pessimists whom the President so angrily denounced as 'Job's boils.'"

Other knowledgeable members of the Washington community are similarly persuaded not so much by anything Nixon has done as by their conviction that he understands the problems. They say that, whatever else, he is a consummate listener. He not only hears but he retains. They claim that Nixon would be, among other things, the most thoroughly briefed President in our history.

The fact remains, however, that the Vice-Presidency, for all its recently added attributes and duties, has remained a sanctuary from the heat of politics. The incumbent can avoid the tough choices that a senator must make, not to mention the decisions of a President. In such an isolation booth, a clever contestant can, with a little rigging, appear to know all the answers without really knowing very much about any single question. There are signs that these attributes of the Vice-Presidency have gotten into Nixon's system.

"As you approach the possibility of your becoming President," the Vice-President told Ernest B. Vaccaro, an A.P. reporter, shortly before the convention, "you think less and less of yourself and more and more of how your service will affect this country and its position in the world." Perhaps such thoughts were going through his mind a few days later in Chicago as he stood with Rockefeller before the TV cameras while the New York governor patiently detailed all the virtues that had been added to the party platform's civil-rights plank. It came the Vice-President's turn to say something. For a moment he hesitated. Then leaning toward the microphones, he added the clinching virtue: "There's mileage in it."

VIEWS & REVIEWS

The Farms of King Uzziah

ROBERT L. SCHIFFER

Archaeology is by all odds the most popular avocation in Israel today. The countryside fairly swarms with dabblers and professionals alike eager to ferret out relics of the Biblical past. For some time I had been impressed by accounts of how these prospectors were studying the Bible in order to pinpoint promising spots for their digging, and so when I found myself in Tel Aviv not long ago, I decided to see for myself how a Biblical search party goes about its job. My curiosity led me to Professor Michael Evenari, a botanist and archaeology buff, through whom I consequently learned a good deal about some remarkable agricultural activities in the Negev, the wedge of wasteland that makes up roughly the southern half of Israel. He was tracking down an Old Testament reference to a farming project conducted right in the heart of the desert twenty-seven hundred years ago, in the days of the Judean King Uzziah, and he invited me to come along.

It was arranged that I would join Professor Evenari's party in the Negev town of Beersheba, and I found him waiting for me there one morning not long after dawn at the wheel of a bright yellow jeep. Sitting at his side was his wife, Liesel, whom he introduced as the expedition's chief cook and photographer. The professor, a tall, heavy-set man, was, I thought, strikingly outfitted in high boots, blue Israeli Army coveralls, a tan British Army shirt-coat with pleated side pockets, amber ski goggles, and a flowing black-and-white checkered Arab kaffiyeh, or headcloth, its ends tied and tucked under his chin. Two knives in leather sheaths and a pistol with spare clips of ammunition were strapped to his waist, and an automatic rifle was stowed handy at his side. I had noticed that other members of the expedition—some of Professor Evenari's students at Jerusalem's Hebrew University as well as another botanist and a water engineer who had crowded into three other jeeps—were also well armed. When I commented on this, the professor pointed out that we were heading to a spot a few kilometers from Israel's border with Egyptian Sinai. All things considered, he added with a wave of a dead cigar stub, he felt it best to be prepared for fast trigger work. Liesel Evenari laughed and guessed that another reason for the pronounced military flavor of the expedition could be traced back to her husband's training as a top sergeant in the British Army in Palestine. The professor invited me to hop into the back of his jeep and we set off into the desert.

Although it was early, the sun shone with a hard brilliance. The sky was a flawless blue, and the wind whipped up by the jeep felt oven-hot and dry to my face. On my drive down from Jerusalem to Beersheba, a good part of the way had been through country fresh and moist with irrigation-coaxed greenery. The desert began where the pipelines left off, and now, as we sped along a road that clung to a roller-coaster pattern set down by the dunes flanking it, the earth was carpeted by the dullness of a charred ocher crust, dead and treeless. Here and there a limestone cliff would veer straight up, its soft face chalky white, seamed with reddish streaks and pockmarked where jagged slabs had broken away. These lay tumbled end over end, as if tossed down by some holocaust that had left a haunted, desolate void, almost painful in its loneliness.

The only animal life I saw during the entire trip was a herd of goats, heads low to the ground and munching at ragged patches of a fuzzy growth. Our jeeps must have frightened the beasts because they stampeded and went bounding off when we passed by. I learned they

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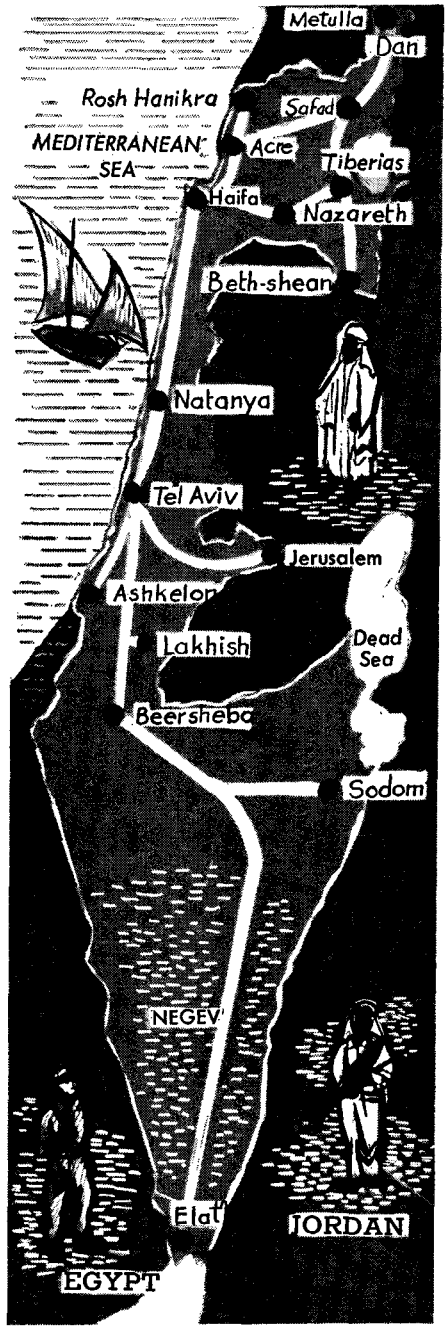
belonged to Bedouin nomads who roamed the Negev tending cattle and leading lives of pastoral simplicity, much as in Biblical times. The professor said the desert was known then as a *midbar,* a wilderness. In contrast to the densely forested wildernesses of North and South America, this meant a wild area practically devoid of trees but with sufficient forage for grazing after brief winter rains.

What was more, he went on, in spite of its sere condition the Negev had been pressed into use as an exceptionally lush farm zone by an altogether amazing Arab people known as the Nabateans. They had had their heyday in the centuries just before and after Christ, and while a Moslem invasion of the area killed off the last of the crops (planted some thirteen hundred years ago by Byzantines who had succeeded the Nabateans in the Negev), the old fields were still to be seen cut in the floor of the desert. Professor Evenari told me his studies as a botanist had convinced him that the Nabatean methods of farming with scarcely any rainfall were so ingenious and effective that he had advised the Israeli government to utilize many of the same principles in its current efforts to reclaim parts of the Negev.

As he went on with his explanation of how the desert could be made to bear crops, it became clear that his primary interest, in this case at least, was more archaeological than botanical. He was out to prove, it developed, that the system credited to the Nabateans had actually been in use when the Negev was part of the Kingdom of Judah, the southern of two Jewish kingdoms that came into existence in Palestine when the original Kingdom of Israel split up after Solomon. One reason for his belief, he said in a voice so low I barely heard it over the noise of the engine and the wind, was based on a passage in Second Chronicles dealing with the activities of Uzziah, who ruled in Judea in the eighth century B.C. He motioned to the glove compartment of the jeep, and I could see his wife rummaging in it for a black leather-bound book. It turned out to be a copy of the Bible in Hebrew—one, he said, he carried with him on all his expeditions—and at his instruction she flipped it open and translated for me: "He built also towers in the desert and hewed out many cisterns; for he had much cattle in the lowlands and in the plain; also husbandmen and vintners in the mountains, and in Carmel; for he loved husbandry."



The professor said that he had been struck by the way the Biblical observation coupled Uzziah's digging of cisterns, or water holes, with his love of farming. And since cisterns to store rain water were essential features of Nabatean farming, he had theorized that the Nabateans had picked up many of their agricultural practices from the old Judean king. However, it was not until his last trip out, when he had stumbled across some farm plots looking far more primitive than any credited to the Nabateans, that he felt he had more than mere theory to go on. Excited by his find, he aroused the interest of an archaeologist, Dr. Yohanan Aharoni, also a professor at Hebrew University, and now they were to meet at the site to determine whether his hunch was right.

We turned off the highway at a roadside marker numbered "Kilometer 83" and continued along a twisting unpaved path cracked with deep ruts and ditches that forced us to take sudden detours up and over the dunes. The professor handled the wheel with skill, but it was a jolting ride and I was glad when he called a halt two hours later. It was nearly noon and Liesel Evenari prepared a snack of raw-cucumber sandwiches which she toasted on the hood of the jeep, the combination of a burning sun overhead and a hot engine underneath doing a fine job of crisping the bread.

After eating, the professor said he would show me a few of the farms. We set out on foot, his students trailing behind us but well within voice range as he lectured them on the desert flora. Two plants interested me particularly: a scrubby twig-like growth called rimth, which offered a haven for clusters of small white snails, their shells no bigger than nailheads; and a mossy lichen that grew on rocks, tinting them a deep, rusty red. He also pointed out samples of *Artemisia herba alba,* a relative of the Texas sagebrush, and a saltbush, *Atriplex malimus,* which is relished by goats and camels. We passed a solitary pistachio tree and a fig tree, gnarled and stolid, as if, I thought, it defied the desert to destroy it. Mostly, though, the soil was cluttered with boulders and stones and freckled with chips of flint, some closely resembling hand-carved tools. A constant wind blowing in a fine blast of sand had so molded them that it was difficult to distinguish the chips from artifacts. I picked up one piece, neatly formed into an arrowhead and buffed so smooth and

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shiny that the rays of the sun shot from its surface as if from a mirror.

The first of the farms came into view when we climbed a small hill, and to me its sudden appearance in the midst of so much empty desolation was astonishing. Not that the desert disappeared by any means. But as I crossed over to the other side of the hill, I found myself standing on top of what appeared to be a giant staircase about half a mile wide, with steps—actually they were ledges or terraces many times larger than the grape arbors that are cut into the mountainsides of France and Italy—all big enough to contain good-sized farm plots. Crude stone walls (Professor Evenari called them fences) shored up each ledge, which would then drop a few feet down to where the next step or terrace began. I counted eight in all, with fields that were fallow and dusty but whose past use was unmistakable.

The professor sat down on one of the walls, his legs hanging and swinging over its side, as he explained that we were in a small wadi, one of countless dry river beds eroded into the desert by flash floods that struck every year after the winter rains. The clayey consistency of the soil causes even the lightest sprinkle to roll off it, and the downpour, unable to sink in, collects in trickles and rivulets. These gradually increase in size and fury, until a great violent wave roars down the hills to the lowlands of the desert, sweeping everything before it and cutting huge swaths into the unreceptive earth. Flooded wadis are not rivers in the full technical sense, but the professor felt it would be difficult to take issue with the Biblical psalmist who had called them *Afiqim ba-Negev*—rivers in the Negev.

Surprisingly enough, it turned out that the same violence that caused the havoc also made agriculture possible in the Negev. The professor, summarizing archaeological studies of the Nabatean farms, gave me the following facts: The more furious the flood, the more plentiful the supply of valuable topsoil carried along with it and deposited gently in and around the wadi, leaving it almost as fertile as the banks of the Nile. Knowing this, the old farmers had chosen fields either directly in a small wadi bed or not far from the larger ones—some of which ran for miles in length—where they could catch a good overflow of water and soil. They realized, too, that their farm plots would be washed away unless they controlled the force of the flood, and this, apparently, was one reason for the terraces. These had been protected not only by stone fences but also by deep-rooted tamarisk hedges and other breakwater devices, including, in some places, dams thrown up between hill and dune. When the flood came churning into a landscaped wadi, its momentum was checked. Instead of moving forward only, it went cascading and spilling sideways over the terraces, its original frenzy merely serving to spread the flow over a greater distance as it saturated the fields much as if they were rice paddies.

The desert soil, soaked so thoroughly, blotted up the water like a dry sponge. The claylike earth below prevented the newly gathered moisture from sinking too deep, while an upper crust, formed just as soon as the sun came out to bake it hard, guarded against any evaporation. Thus it was kept on tap, somewhat like honey in a beeswax comb, ready when needed to irrigate the crops during the rainless months that followed.

"IT'S REALLY very neat," the professor said, "almost like a built-in sprinkler system. Negev soil, by the way, is a loess, very similar to what is found in the Yellow River area of China, where the regular flooding of the river keeps it wet and fertile. That's the secret—keep a loess wet and it's one of the best soils anywhere. Of course, the system is not very good in times of drought. Otherwise, though, it works beautifully. At least it does for the Bedouins, who don't know what it's all about but who farm many of the old fields from time to time and still get good results. All they do is plant and move on. The system goes to work for them and they return in time to harvest."

As he talked, he lowered himself gingerly to the terrace below. I joined him and we walked down to the bottom of the wadi, where, off to one side, a deep cavernous opening, looking very much like an old-fashioned wishing well but a good deal wider and deeper, had been scooped into the ground and lined with small stones. The professor identified it as a cistern, and he showed me how it connected to the terraced fields by channels, grooves furrowed into the earth to siphon off every drop of flood that did not sink into the soil. In this way, he said, the farmers of old obtained at least part of the water supply they needed for themselves and their cattle during the long dry season. As we continued our walk, I could see that practically every rise in the ground had been pressed into use and lined with channels that carried the runoff after a rain not only to the cisterns but to fields a distance from the wadis. "Cisterns and channels, cisterns and channels," the professor said. "They're everywhere. It's positively fantastic."

WE SPENT the night at a new Israeli settlement, Mitzpe Ramon. Situated right on the edge of a cliff, it offered one of the most dramatic views I have ever seen, the desert dropping more than two thousand feet down to a dismal valley that had been part of the Biblical wilderness of Zin. It was here, Liesel Evenari informed me, that the tribes of Israel, appalled by the bleakness of the place—a geologic formation where a turbulent ocean had left rare fossils dating back to the Triassic period about 180 million years ago—had nearly revolted against Moses for leading them into it during their wanderings. Looking down into that emptiness, I felt I could understand why they had been frightened.

DAWN was cold and misty, the sky sullen and overcast. I thought rain was on the way, but the professor assured me it was the remains of a heavy dew that blanketed the desert at night, and by the time we finished breakfast, the sun had sizzled away the last of the filtering haze. We then headed back to kilometer 83 on the paved highway. There we met the archaeologist, Dr. Aharoni, a quiet, gentle man with a soft voice who invited me to ride in his jeep. On the way to the farms he told me that signs of agriculture had been found in the Beersheba area going back to the fourth millennium B.C. and that it was only as one went toward the desolate south that all traces disappeared up to the time of

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the Nabateans. He seemed to have little doubt that Abraham had known the secret of growing crops in the desert in his day, the Middle Bronze Age, nearly two thousand years before Christ, well before the Nabateans or even Uzziah. He said that he and other archaeologists based this conjecture on passages in Genesis describing Abraham's travels in the Negev as well as on recent findings.

When I asked him why he thought Israelis looked so often to the Bible for leads in archaeological matters, he answered that it was probably only a natural reaction to living in the geographic heart of Biblical territory and pointed out that it was only sensible to make use of the many excellent—and still valid—descriptions of the terrain that were written by sharp-eyed Biblical scribes. As he spoke, I thought of a few of the Biblically inspired finds that had touched off my interest in the whole business. Principally, I recalled one made some years back by an American college president, Dr. Nelson Glueck, when he accepted at face value a First Book of Kings description of the spot where Solomon had built a port on the Gulf of Aqaba. (Dr. Glueck, as I had also learned, was responsible for a good deal of the spadework in piecing together the history of the Negev and its people.)

Dr. Aharoni told me that Israeli interest in Biblical archaeology had been notably stimulated by a piece of military strategy evolved during the Arab-Israeli fighting back in 1948. At that time, one of the Israeli generals, Yigael Yadin, an archaeologist and Biblical scholar, had met an Arab thrust from the direction of Syria by deploying his men along the same roads and mountain passes detailed in the First Book of Kings as a defense line for the old Israelites in repelling a similar invasion attempt. The maneuver turned out to be just as effective the second time around, and for the same geographic reasons. A few days later, when I visited Jerusalem, I made it a point to call on Dr. Yadin and ask him about his strategy. He said it was all a simple matter of knowing that the terrain had not changed since the Biblical battle plan was tested. "Also," he said with a smile, "I was fairly sure that my adversary was not reading the same book." His archaeological work since then has all tended to uphold his confidence in the Bible as a first-rate geographic guide to Israel, and he told me about one of his recent excavations at the site of a fourteenth-century B.C. Canaanite stronghold called Hazor. Not only did the digging produce evidence confirming an account in the Book of Joshua of its destruction by the wandering tribes of Israel, but it also led him, with a surveyor's precision, to the buried site of a city gate mentioned in the First Book of Kings. As we said good-by, he told me not to be surprised if oil is discovered in the Dead Sea area pretty much where the Book of Genesis placed the violent destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah by a deluge of fire and brimstone. "It's the kind of thing that could have been caused by explosions of natural gas," he said, "and frequently this is a good geologic sign indicating the presence of oil. In any event, I am quite certain that either one or both of the cities will be uncovered eventually near the shores of the Dead Sea, just about where Genesis says they stood."

WHEN WE REACHED the farm area, Dr. Aharoni selected a spot for his dig not far from the fields I had inspected with Professor Evenari the day before. The site was a small, narrow wadi generously landscaped with terraces, but what interested the archaeologist more than any sign of farming was a haphazard scattering of stones near the top. Unless he missed his guess, Dr. Aharoni remarked quietly, a farmhouse had been located there. Using a chrome-tipped pike he carried under his arm, he drew a diagram in the air for me. "The stones are rather deceptive at times," he said, "but these fell rather nicely. See, here was one room, here another, here another."

Dr. Aharoni was careful to point out that he would have to do some excavating before he could say anything one way or the other about Professor Evenari's theory. He added with a sigh, "An archaeologist can theorize and build many beautiful pictures of what he thinks or hopes to see. But then he must dig with his hands before he can say, 'This is so.'" As we spoke, Professor Evenari joined us, suggesting that a cistern he had just come upon near the wadi might offer better possibilities for the excavation. Dr. Aharoni shook his head, telling the professor the best way to establish the age of the farms was to excavate the foundation of the house. "Don't ask me why I don't want to excavate any other site," he added. "It is just a feeling I have that tells me to dig here, and every archaeologist must trust his instincts."

His first step was to search the general area for shards, broken pieces of clay pottery that are very important to the Palestine archaeologist in dating his finds. The ceramics of each civilization and people had a distinctive texture and styling that stamped it like a trademark, he explained, handing me a few Nabatean shards he had picked up elsewhere. These were fragile, ginger-colored things, not much thicker than an eggshell, with delicate glazed floral designs. It developed, though, that shards predating the Roman period in Palestine were hard to come by in the Negev, and Dr. Aharoni soon gave up the search as a bad job. He said that early desert people of Iron Age Two, the time of King Uzziah, had not been able to afford the luxury of making much pottery. Instead they used goatskin containers and the like, which of course left no traces.

We returned to the site of the house, and now the archaeologist prepared for the actual excavation. Studying the scattered stones, he slowly marked off the section in which he planned to dig. "It is a good idea," he said to me, "to locate the corner of a room and work there. Even in Biblical days housekeepers had the habit of sweeping debris into corners. It's surprising what we find at times, particularly if we are fortunate and a hole in the floor has permitted some of the sweepings to drop through to the foundation." He went about his work almost ritually, using first a pick and then a shovel. An hour later we saw him suddenly drop to his knees and scrape at the loosened earth with his fingers. In a few seconds he stood up, his hands cupped before him, held out as in prayer. "What a magnificent specimen," he murmured almost to himself. "Iron Age Two, and no doubt about it. One of the finest I have ever come across;

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look, you can even see how clumsy the potter was."

I walked over to him and he placed a shard in my hand. Thick and triangular in shape, it was grayish in color and so detailed it had definite print marks where stiff fingers had pressed into the soft clay while molding it. He pointed to a pouring spout at one end and to sharp, uneven edges rippling along the sides of the piece to indicate where it had cracked away from a large jug or pitcher. The age of the shard left him reasonably certain about the age of the house, but he decided that the excavating should continue, to eliminate any possibility of error. He was still digging when dusk fell.

With the help of the professor's students and some workmen recruited at Mitzpe Ramon, the full dig was exposed by noon of the following day, and I stood with Professor and Liesel Evenari on the side of the wadi as Dr. Aharoni announced that he was ready to date the farm. He paced around the outline of the house formed by its foundation stones, most of them still half buried, pointing out a floor plan for three rooms, each approximately seventeen feet long and twelve feet wide, and leading into a courtyard.

It all made for the classic layout of a house built between the ninth and eighth centuries B.C., the Tequfat ha-Melakhim, the time of the kings, he said, and it seemed to me that his voice took on a lecture-room texture. Finding the shard had been conclusive enough, he continued, but it was the floor plan, identical in every detail to others of the same period excavated elsewhere in Israel, that made the dating unmistakable. He told us to follow him to one of the fences rimming the edge of a terraced field, and there we examined the rough stones used in building the farm; then we walked back to the dig, where he showed us how the stones in the house were identical in size and shape to those in the fence, a good indication, he felt, that they had been hewn and set into place by the same hands. His verdict given, he leaned on his pike and squinted at the dig with a pleased expression, much as if regarding a work of art. The professor's reaction was more volatile; he took his wife in his arms and danced with her on the edge of the wadi.

Before leaving the dig, Dr. Aharoni said to me, "Well, the question has been answered. This farm dates back to Iron Age Two. There is no doubt about it. It is true the Nabateans were much finer farmers and engineers, whose work was far superior to anything here. But it is also clear that the people who built this house and farm knew the basic secrets of flood-water irrigation. So now we have a new date for farming in the southern Negev."

"The days of King Uzziah?" I asked him.

"At the very least," he replied.

On the way back to Beersheba, we stopped near one of the cities the Nabateans had built in the desert. It stood on top of a plateau not far from the paved highway, and I decided I would make the steep climb to the summit. There, I walked through rubble-filled streets in which most of the buildings had long since crumbled, leaving a skeleton of a wall or a column defiantly upright to challenge the surrounding desolation.

The sun was hot directly overhead; it burned away every trace of shadow and turned the puffs of dust I kicked up into lazy curls of drifting smoke. At the edge of the city I paused for a few moments and looked out over a valley that spread beneath me in the form of a giant chessboard. I saw the outline of empty squares imprinted on the bare brown earth where the fields of the Nabateans had left their mark, and I turned to climb down, wondering how long it would be before the professor and his friends did some planting in them.

'A Complete Life'

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

FLORENCE

Those of us who attended Bernard Berenson's funeral last October will never forget how astonishingly like a medieval saint he seemed. It was the final metamorphosis—Berenson had become himself one of those works of art he so passionately and discerningly loved, his tiny beard whiter than the winding sheet, the transparency of the brow, the long delicate fingers, the frail body wrapped in a white cashmere shawl. He was laid out, appropriately enough, on the central table of the library (my house "is a library with living-rooms attached"), and seated stubbornly near tall candles at the bier were a number of country folk, several of the men unshaven as if they had just come in from the olive grove to say good-by. All day the endless line filed by: royalty and peasants, art professors and neighbors, the local baker, the butcher, Florentine officials; and then in the golden dying light we all walked down a country road, past cypresses and olive trees and vines—a simple straggling procession headed by municipal pages in Renaissance costume to the simple church of San Martino a Mensola. The light was Perugino, the little girls with posies were from the walls of the Camposanto at Pisa, and Berenson himself had become a delicate tomb figure by Desiderio da Settignano.

Writing these lines, I can see the outer landscape in which B.B. now

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lies buried, the gentle rolling hills that surround Firenze in a hazed embrace. And at the same time, remembering tales of my family, I can see the inner landscape of Berenson's first ten years: the woodsmen floating logs down the river, the Chagall-like towns, the Sabbath goy, the medieval folklore of the Jewish Pale of Settlement, the studies with the rabbi, the distinction between the rationalistic-legalistic Misnagin of the north, where the Berensons came from, and the mystical ecstatic Hasidim of the south.

From this to the Sage of Settignano! From the Talmud Torah to the Renaissance church of San Martino!

THE SWIFTNESS with which B.B. soared from one world to another is what leaves you gasping. In 1875, when he was ten, his family, like thousands of other Eastern European Jews, emigrated to the United States. Settling in Boston, Papa peddled pots and pans, ran a dry-goods store, and in the intervals read Voltaire and Rousseau. Meanwhile B.B. began assiduously to devour all the books in the public library, an appetite he was never to lose. (The posthumously published *One Year's Reading for Fun* is a diary of B.B.'s reading during 1942, when he was virtually a prisoner in his immense library: the menu includes everything in four or five languages from Herodotus to Hitler.) During these teen-age years he was baptized into the Episcopal Church, attended Boston University, and met the flamboyant millionairess Isabella (Mrs. Jack) Gardner. Soon after, perhaps with the financial aid of Mrs. Gardner, Berenson shifted to Harvard, where he numbered among his classmates George Santayana and studied under William James. A photograph of that time shows B.B. with long, curly, silky hair, brooding, perceptive eyes, a wide sensuous mouth: the beautiful face of a romantic poet. At twenty-two, acknowledged one of the most brilliant graduates of Harvard but as yet undecided about his future career, Berenson was sent to Europe with the aid of a fund raised by various professors and Mrs. Gardner. So he was back again on the continent he had left thirteen years before, and with the exception of visits to the United States, most of them of short duration, Europe, particularly Florence, remained his home for the next seventy-two years. No wonder he described himself to friends as a "Euro-American," just as he came to feel that he was a "Christianity graduate." (He was received into the Catholic Church ten years after his Episcopal baptism, but as he tells us in his delightfully candid *Sketch for a Self Portrait,* he could not "take part in any ritual, whether religious, civic, or merely social. I can only stand aside and enjoy it, admire it, or criticize it as an art performance.") After the Nazi bestiality he was reminded of what he had long long forgotten and took to calling himself "a Hitler Jew."

In Europe, Berenson swiftly found his calling. By the age of thirty-one he had written the three slim volumes on the *Painters of the Renaissance* plus his study of Lorenzo Lotto, completed preparations for the *Drawings of the Florentine Painters,* married, rented the villa at I Tatti, traveled widely, and was well launched on his double-pronged career as expert and purchasing agent for Mrs Gardner (and later Duveen) and an art historian.

NOW the first biography has appeared (Sylvia Sprigge's *Berenson,* Houghton Mifflin, $5), and B.B.'s life, surely as much of a work of art as anything he wrote about, is spread out before us. Many more biographies are in the offing, of course, more probing than Miss Sprigge's useful ground-breaking work. Her book is always good reading, taking on as it does the fascination of the subject. She offers us a concise account of the development of B.B.'s aesthetics out of Walter Pater, and of his methods of attribution out of Giovanni Morelli. She makes out a suggestive case to the effect that Berenson, the Epicurean, almost consciously shaped his life after the hero of Pater's *Marius the Epicurean.* But her book is insufficiently penetrating in dealing with those crucial thirteen years of B.B.'s life in America—the crucible in which a Lithuanian Jewish immigrant boy of ten is transformed into a Boston aristocrat. How did it happen? And so swiftly? The imprint of those Boston years, Harvard, Mrs. Gardner, the first flights of an eagle mind, were to remain with B.B. all his life. New England puritanism was grafted onto Hebraic puritanism; and although his American years total (including visits) perhaps fifteen out of a life of ninety-four, he thought of himself, if anything, as a Bostonian, and indeed gave one the impression that his ancestors had come over on the *Mayflower.* After fifty years in Florence, this man still spoke of "we Americans," and a friend of mine who often ate at I Tatti says he doesn't remember a single occasion when apple pie was not served for dessert.

And yet "I cannot recall since early manhood feeling more than on the margin of any group that I approached or that suffered my presence. I have had hundreds of moments of regret, of distress even, because I was not flesh of the flesh and bone of the bone of people." But immediately the mind flashes to convert alienation to advantage: "I have had as many moments of satisfaction that I was free to go where I liked, to keep what company attracted me, to advocate what causes appealed to me, to entertain what ideas amused me, without the fear of disappointing expectations or betraying loyalties."

SOMEWHERE I have come across a suggestion that ever since the Napoleonic liberation from the ghetto, the Jews of the West have been experiencing a kind of Renaissance: that is, the explosion of energy long bottled up in medieval closure. The idea strikes me as extremely fruitful. From this historical point of view, B.B. represents one of the great humanists of this new Renaissance, "contemporaneous" (in Spengler's terms) with a Pico della Mirandola, say, or a Marsilio Ficino. Like Pico and Marsilio, B.B. also sought a concordance of values—Hebrew rationalism and Christian universality, western and eastern art (scattered throughout his art collection are many Chinese and Japanese scrolls, bronzes, admirably in harmony with the early Renaissance paintings), Platonic idealism and practical recognition of what

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he called our animal anthroplasm. The House of Life he dreamt of rested on the ground and reached into the sky.

Turning back to the writings that established his reputation, one is impressed all over again by Berenson's gift for the trenchant summing up. How much he can say in a paragraph, a line! What a gift for passionate discernment! What poetic sensibility! To find its like in English art criticism one must go back to Ruskin and Pater, but I prefer B.B.—he doesn't sledge-hammer you in Ruskin's frenzied manner or mount the art work like a pulpit, and while he has all of Pater's exquisite sensibility he manages to avoid his preciousness. B.B.'s was a mind singularly balanced, it seems to me, between earth and heaven, between connoisseurship as a science and a business and appreciation as a state of ecstatic identification. "We must look and look and look till we live in the painting and for a fleeting moment become identified with it. If we do not succeed in loving what through the ages has been loved, it is useless to lie ourselves into believing that we do. A good rough test is whether we feel that it is reconciling us with life."

HE COULD catalogue and count and measure with any of the Teutons, but he never let the machinery of attribution get in the way of what he was looking at. For B.B., seeing was being; and in the end, indeed, he came to feel that it didn't really matter who did the painting. The important thing was, *What is the painting?*

But (and here is where Berenson's aesthetic fails to speak to the "purists" of our own day) the process of appreciation is not an end in itself; it serves rather as a refining agent for the enhancement of life. B.B. was the last faithful *filius* of Pater—the last man of the West who tried to live life as a hard, gemlike flame. Central to B.B.'s aesthetic was Ficino's idea of a "spiritual circuit"—art begins in nature, sees into (insight) the object (especially landscape and the human figure), creates out of the myriad distillations of texture, form, mass, color, the work of art. But the process does not end there; from the art

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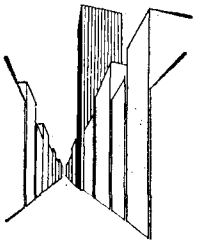

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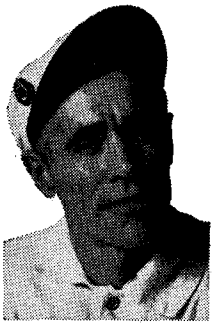

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experience we return with quickened senses to nature:

First we see the mountain in the landscape,
Then we see the landscape in the mountain,

in the words of the Chinese poet. For B.B. the circuit was complete only when we had made our return, so to speak. Hence his impatience with pedants, with comma counters and cataloguers (although his *Italian Pictures of the Renaissance* in its enlarged editions is the granddaddy of all catalogues), hence his rejection of all modern movements that would reduce a painting to its "pure" self—that is, its paint. For B.B., the cycle was life-art-life, and in this consisted his conception of art as a moral agent: not as illustration, not as storytelling, not as the vulgarized Soviet notion of art as a weapon, or any other equally vulgar didactic use of art. The use of art was a tool for the refinement of the senses, and art serves as a moral agent only to the extent that it is good art.

No wonder he could appreciate a landscape with the same passion as a painting. At the end, he does not even have to look at pictures: ". . . for I have become my own painter and can see 'in nature' more beauty than they can reveal to me in their compositions. I require no sculpture, because my imagination has become so molding that, having about me such models as the Tuscan peasantry, I can visualize them as statues in movement."

This visual (one is tempted to say *metavisual*) passion remained to the very end. Reading *The Passionate Sightseer*, from the diaries of 1947-1956, one is astonished at the intensity with which this very old man can look and look and look, even at scenes and artifacts which he has seen several times before. At eighty-eight he decides to revisit Sicily, at ninety he scurries about Calabria and the Romagna, at ninety-one he decides to see his beloved Florence all over again. Sensuous experience at such a continuous pitch is obviously a form of metaphysics. Berenson could even enjoy the first touch of pain because "It added to the empire of consciousness."

"I wonder whether art has a higher function than to make us feel, appreciate, and enjoy natural objects for their art value? So, as I walk in the garden, I look at the flowers and shrubs and trees and discover in them an exquisiteness of contour, a vitality of edge or a vigor of spring as well as an infinite variety of color that no artifact I have seen in the last sixty years can rival . . . Each day, as I look, I wonder where my eyes were yesterday . . ."

This from a man of eighty. No wonder B.B.'s ideas are hardly fashionable today. For almost every value he lived by and proclaimed has been destroyed—the centrality of Man, the pre-eminence of reason, ecstasy as ultra- rather than sub-rationality. ("The most inalienable possession I know of is my own reason, as well as confidence in the reason of every other individual to whom reason can be attributed. Everything that tends to diminish one's command of this faculty alarms me, and whatever deprives us of it altogether horrifies me and fills me with loathing.") Visit the current Venice Biennale, or most other art shows today, and you see at once that Man has expelled himself once again from the Garden, and what remains are cheerless scribbles, chatterings of baboons. Berenson could appreciate Cézanne and Matisse but he considered much of Picasso "acrobatics," and it is not difficult to imagine how objectionable this humanist would find most nonobjective art.

But there is another side to Berenson. The art historian was also a businessman, employed at first by Mrs. Gardner to buy pictures for her collection, and then from 1907 to 1936 in the service of Duveen Brothers. Without a B.B. attribution an Italian Renaissance picture could hardly be sold, and for these attributions, made with rigor and science and love, B.B. was paid a sizable retainer and a ten per cent commission on the sale. Out of this he built up a large personal fortune, and of course there are some people who cannot forgive him for it. Miss Sprigge, it seems to me, doesn't cast much light on this realm of Berenson's activity. At points she vigorously denies mali-

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cious charges that have been made; at other points she makes insinuations herself without a scrap of evidence.

One thinks of a story that went the rounds immediately after the war. A consignment of canned Portuguese sardines was being sold, sight unseen, in the commodity-scarce market, buyer to buyer, via telephone, each hiking the price, of course, to realize his profit. Finally, the last merchant of the series could not resist bringing home several cans for dinner. The next day he telephoned the jobber from whom he had bought the lot and expressed his disappointment. His interlocutor exploded: "What! You ate them! You fool, those sardines aren't for eating; they're for buying and selling."

In a sense, this was B.B.'s dilemma. A spirit formed utterly for tasting spent a good deal of his life in buying and selling. It is true that he was phenomenally successful in the business of expertise only because of his genius for detached appreciation. Miss Sprigge offers instances of Berenson refusing to make authentications that would have resulted in large sales by Duveen (and fat commissions for himself). Yet the conflict in his own mind remains, and explains the sadness that trickles brackishly through the sunny Epicurean pages of the *Sketch*:

"Yet I repeat that I took the wrong turn when I swerved from more purely intellectual pursuits to one like the archaeological study of art, gaining thereby a troublesome reputation as an 'expert.' My only excuse is, if the comparison is not blasphemous, that like Saint Paul with his tent-making and Spinoza with his glass-polishing, I too needed a means of livelihood . . . Mine took up what creative talent there was in me, with the result that this trade made my reputation and the rest of me scarcely counted. The spiritual loss was great and in consequence I have never regarded myself as other than a failure . . ."

He knew his own worth—why not?—and his humility is that of a great man comparing himself with other great men. For he had become, almost too soon, an institution, and

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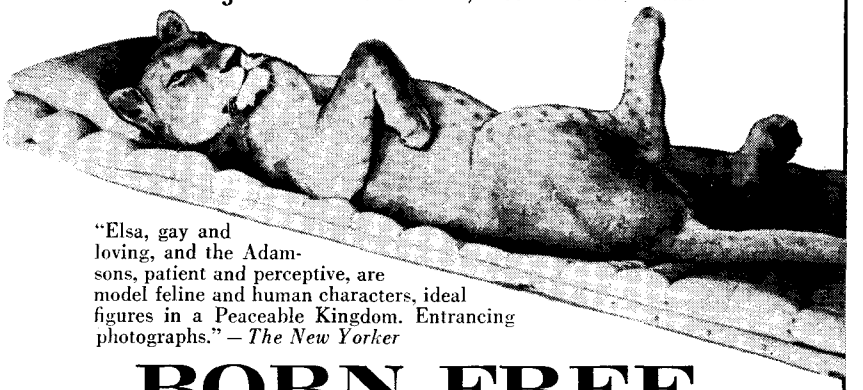

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after the war a visit to I Tatti was almost as obligatory as a visit to the Uffizi. I will never forget the feeling of discomfort I had when I was shown into B.B.'s bedroom to see the Sassetta. Somehow it seemed indecent; the man had become a monument. But that was an illusion. The zest of the last diaries, the astonishingly fruitful and revealing writings of his old age, reveal that he could never satisfy his insatiable appetite for living. People and nature came to mean more than any artifact, and his last published diary entry, at the age of ninety-one, is a comment to the effect that the landscape around Florence is more satisfactory than the Himalayas or the Alps because it is more *"à la mesure de l'homme* and thereby more satisfactory."

"IF SURVIVAL after death were conceivable, I should wish to be the indwelling soul of my house and library. To speak more grossly, I should like to haunt it . . ." He does. Recently, on a visit to I Tatti as I sat with that charming lady Miss Nicky Mariano, B.B.'s secretary for forty years, and Miss Hannah Kiel, his German translator, in the great library, I seemed to feel that B.B.'s ghost was smiling down on our conversation. The villa is unchanged, except for a terra-cotta bust of Berenson that I don't remember having seen in the library before. Harvard has not yet taken over, Miss Mariano told me, and meanwhile the almost 55,000 books, the Chinese bronzes, the early Sienese pictures, the deep soft sinkable-into leather seats, the formal gardens and the cypress-lined path—all remain the same. Only B.B.'s collection of hats no longer rests on the table in the hall. But the passionate mind that once dwelt beneath those hats seems to have become a shimmering part of the atmosphere, like the golden air of a Tuscan dusk. "Now I am in the decline of my eighth decade [he wrote in 1941] and live so much more in the people, the books, the works of art, the landscape than in my own skin, that of self, except as this wee homunculus of a perceiving subject, little is left over. A complete life may be one ending in so full an identification with the not-self that there is no self left to die."

BOOKS

A Shepherd and His Flock

CLAIRE STERLING

INSIDE THE VATICAN, by Corrado Pallenberg. *Hawthorn Books. $4.95.*

It will soon be two years since Angelo Roncalli became John XXIII, the 263rd Supreme Pontiff of the Holy See. A change in Vatican leadership is always interesting, and this one, coming after two decades of rule by the late Pius XII, was especially so. What sort of changes could be expected from the man who ascended Peter's throne at the age of seventy-seven, whose good humor and simplicity made him known at once as *"un Papa simpatico,"* who differed so much in this, as in other respects, from his austere and distinguished predecessor?

It is much too early, of course, to attempt any real appraisal of the new Pope. But he has already made a strong imprint, and it is by no means the kind that had been predicted. As this book by the veteran Rome correspondent Corrado Pallenberg points out, John XXIII has been full of surprises.

It had been taken for granted that Roncalli would be a "transition" Pope, too old to do much more than see the hierarchy through a needed interlude between one long reign and another. Instead, writes Pallenberg, his behavior since taking office reminds one "of Sixtus V (1585-1590) who, after entering the Conclave . . . leaning on a stick, and being elected precisely because it was expected that he would not last long, as soon as he ascended the throne of Peter threw away his stick, summoned the executioner and began one of the most splendid and . . . most ruthless pontificates in the history of the Church." To be sure, the amiable and benevolent Roncalli isn't another Sixtus V. But from the very beginning, he has guided his following of half a billion souls with remarkable energy and assurance.

Contrary to expectations, his guidance hasn't been the kind that lay observers call "progressive," in the sense of providing a more elastic approach to worldly questions. If anything, he has tended to move the other way, to restore old habits and traditions that had often fortified the Church in the past, in times—like this one—of great emergency.

THE TROUBLES Pope John inherited were many and grave: the spread of Communism over a third of the globe, the growth of atheism, a mounting indifference among the faithful, an ominous creaking in the Vatican's administrative machinery. This last required his most urgent attention. The Catholic Church has always had a superlative organizational structure; in an efficiency study, the American Institute of Management gave it 8,800 points out of a possible 10,000, concluding that no other organization manages to do quite so much with so little. But Pius XII had badly neglected it. A brilliant intellectual far more interested in knowledge and ideas than in petty office work, Pius had put most of his strength and talent into his audiences and addresses—not all

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of the latter, as Pallenberg points out, really worth the effort. "It was certainly superfluous," he writes, ". . . to explain to dentists how artificial teeth are made . . . or to reveal to oil experts the mysteries of seismographic, magnetic and gravimetric prospecting and so on while the great administrative problems of the Church remained unsolved or shelved."

When John took over, he found many important offices lying vacant —some, including that of Papal secretary of state, had been so for years —and others held down by officials still doddering to work at the age of ninety. The College of Cardinals, the Vatican's top executive board, had nineteen empty seats. The practice of regular *di tabella* audiences, through which Popes have habitually maintained contact with their high functionaries, had fallen into disuse, and the Papal office itself had become dangerously remote from the daily life of parish priests and bishops.

THE NEW POPE'S first thought was to repair this damage. He has lost no time in restoring the *di tabella* audiences and making a string of executive appointments; and where Pius had held only two consistories to appoint new cardinals in twenty years, John has already held three, during which he has named thirty-eight new cardinals. Furthermore, while he has been much less accessible than Pius was to the public at large—apart from heads of state, few lay personalities are granted a private audience nowadays—he has been much more accessible to his own clergy.

Pope John's concern in this regard has not simply been for mechanical efficiency. Rather, it has reflected his broader views as to what a Pope should be—far less the diplomat and politician than Pius was, far more the spiritual pastor in intimate touch with his flock. This conception of his role may be less attuned than Pius's to worldly demands, but it meets a deeply felt want within the Church itself. Though numerically stronger than ever in its history, the Catholic Church has never so desperately needed closer contact with its five hundred million followers. It has already lost, or as good as lost, such contact with sixty-five million Catholics behind the Iron Curtain; and even in the rest of the world, these past few decades have made fearful ravages among the faithful. This hasn't been true in a few western countries where conversions have been spurred by keen competition; in England, for instance, or in the United States. Cardinal Spellman now predicts that "If the rate . . . is maintained, within a century the United States will be a Catholic nation." But in many countries that are Catholic already, churches are often empty and even lack the priests to officiate at Mass. Latin America, for example, needs 160,000 priests and there are now only thirty thousand. As for the French, Cardinal Suhard's eloquent comment on being presented with a study entitled "France a Missionary Country?" was to cross out the question mark.

It has been largely to combat this falling away from the faith that John has put so much emphasis on the Holy See's universal spiritual functions and detachment from politics. Several of his decisions in this regard have stirred up controversy, most notably his ban on the worker-priest movement in France. The move stunned the French clergy, which had thought of John as a most understanding friend since he had lived among them as Papal Nuncio; so, too, did his removal of the French Cardinal Tisserant from the directorship of the Oriental Church Congregation he had headed for twenty-three years. But nothing Pope John has done has aroused so much interest as his dramatic announcement that he planned to call an Ecumenical Council in 1963.

SUCH COUNCILS are rare—there have been only twenty-one in the Holy See's two-thousand-year history—and are generally held to settle serious theological disputes. In their first rush of excitement, reporters concluded that what the Pope had in mind was unification of all the Christian sects on earth. They were evidently mistaken. The Vatican, as Pallenberg notes, "makes a fundamental distinction between the schismatics or dissidents [Orthodox or Eastern Churches] on the one hand and heretics [Protestants] on

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the other"; and it is solely toward the schismatic Eastern Churches, with their 130 million followers, that John is looking now.

Catholic leaders have long and ardently desired the reunion of these Easterners with Rome, and consider the obstacles to be more political than religious. The doctrinal differences—Papal infallibility, the Immaculate Conception, the right of priests to marry and of Catholics to divorce—are great. But Vatican experts don't consider them insurmountable. The real stumbling block, they say, is that most of the Eastern Churches are divided from Rome by the Iron Curtain, and collaborate closely with the Communist régimes. To complicate matters, these Orthodox Churches look for guidance to the Metropolitan Sergei of Moscow, whereas other Orthodox sects in the free world look to the anti-Communist Patriarch of Constantinople, Athenagoras. Should both men come to Rome for the council, sparks would be bound to fly.

THE ATTENDANCE of the Metropolitan Sergei isn't as improbable as it might seem. Khrushchev, who has been making pointed overtures to the Vatican since 1958, could scarcely fail to see the immense propaganda value of sending Sergei to Rome; and Pope John would surely like to see the Metropolitan come. In fact, he has already offered an inducement by withdrawing recognition from the Lithuanian government-in-exile, the presence of whose ambassador in the Vatican had been a thorn in Khrushchev's side. Reportedly, John did that with a heavy heart. But he has attached tremendous importance to this Ecumenical Council, the success of which would not only add greatly to the Catholics' numerical ranks but might also bring a resurgence of faith throughout the Catholic world.

The Lithuanian episode suggests that the Pope's enthusiasm for his pet project is getting him onto heavily mined terrain. If this one example indicates a certain departure from Pope Pius's rigid anti-Soviet position, however, Pallenberg has found no other. Certainly, there has been nothing remotely like the general review of the Holy See's anti-Communist policy which had been forecast at the time of Roncalli's election.

In fact, the forecasts have been mostly wrong about politics in general. The late Pope Pius had been a most energetic political figure, inspiring the formation of Western Europe's great postwar Christian Democratic Parties and steering them along a course going from Center to Right. The policy had worked well in the early postwar years. But it became increasingly burdensome to lay Catholic politicians later—particularly in Italy, where the pressure for social reform was all but overwhelming; and many such politicians had looked to Roncalli, whose political opinions were reputedly much less conservative than Pacelli's, for relief. The new Pope, however, has taken the position that the Holy See must not so much change its political course as do its utmost to disentangle itself from politics—a position that has been hard to define and still harder to apply.

Evidently, John doesn't mean by this that the Church is not concerned with the Catholics' political behavior: it was only a few months ago that the *Osservatore Romano* published its famous *"Punti Fermi"* editorial—probably prompted by the Italian political crisis. Yet the Pope himself has refused scrupulously to interfere in Italian political battles—the result being that, however good his intentions, the situation in Italy has swiftly gone from bad to worse. With the Supreme Pontiff unwilling to act as the Christian Democrats' guide and counselor, the role has been taken over by a host of cardinals, archbishops, and bishops who, though trained by Pacelli, are not all as considered in their judgment.

PALLENBERG does no more than touch briefly on this aspect of John XXIII's reign. It is the only gap in his otherwise carefully balanced, comprehensive, and highly informative book; and it is more than made up for by the many fascinating glimpses he gives us of the Jesuits, the Dominicans, the mysterious lay order of Opus Dei, the functions of the Congregations and the Sacra Rota, the rules for sainthood, the nature and costs of Catholic marriage annulments, and other intricate workings of the biggest religious organization on earth today.

An Error in Translation

ROBERT SHAPLEN

THE JOURNEY, by Jiro Osaragi. *Knopf. $4.50.*

The problems that plague postwar Japan are many and varied and, directly or indirectly, they are almost all related to America. This may be an oversimplification, for the Japanese have their own complicated social and aesthetic as well as political and military heritage to contend with, but it is hard to deny a kind of running American responsibility for most of what has taken place since 1945. The riots that forced the cancellation of President Eisenhower's trip reveal one reaction to American influence, and in their pacifist and neutralist implications they extend considerably beyond mere manipulation by Communist leaders. Long established as one of his country's foremost writers, Jiro Osaragi is interested in dissecting subtler and perhaps ultimately more deleterious aspects of contemporary life in Japan. To a greater degree than in his excellent novel, *Homecoming,* published here five years ago, Osaragi devotes himself in *The Journey* to a wide-lens examination of what ails Japan, socially and creatively, in the frenzied atmosphere that has built up in the fifteen years from chaos to recovery and now to boom. The result is a compassionate if critical novel with a moral.

What Osaragi is telling his countrymen is, get out of the American-made vacuum and start to live the way you've always lived, actively, sentiently, thoughtfully, and continuously. Traditionally, Japanese life

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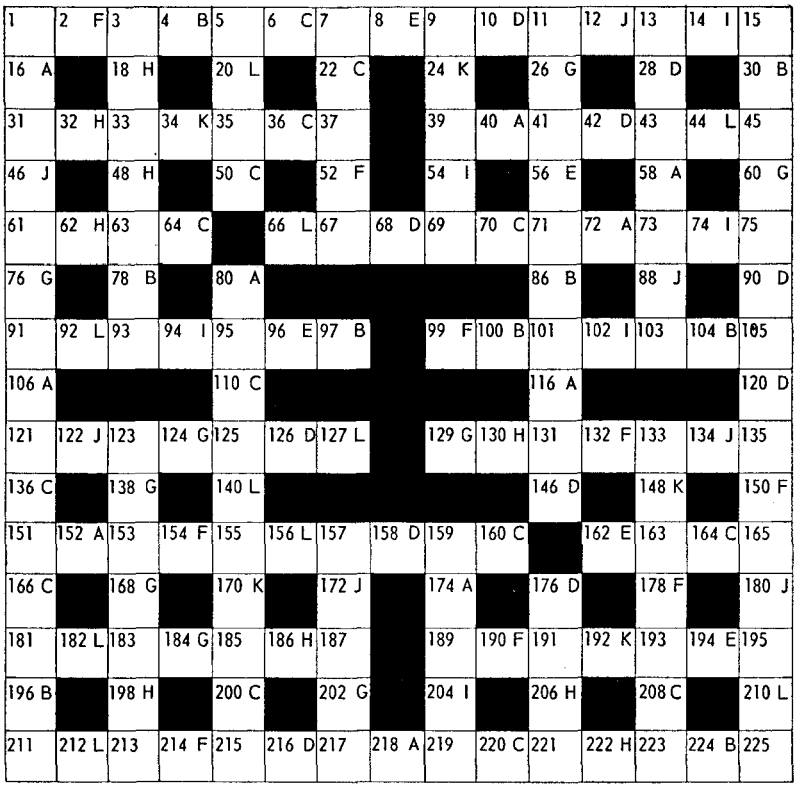
THE REPORTER Puzzle 14

by HENRY ALLEN



DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person.

A
218 16 106 174 72 152 40 80 58 116
Retreats for the indigent.

B
97 30 196 100 86 78 224 4 104
False and damaging reports circulated for political effect.

C
22 50 64 36 164 136 200 208 70 6
166 220 160 110
Either of two forming the pelvis. (10, 4)

D
146 68 176 120 90 10 126 158 42
28 216
Any plants of the genus Tropaeolum.

E
162 56 8 96 194
Where Acrostician's brother goes.

F
150 214 99 2 132 154 190 178 52
Swallowing up.

G
138 168 184 76 26 124 60 202 129
Attracting.

H
186 32 62 222 48 206 198 18 130
Prince Henry the _____.

I
94 54 102 204...14 74
"But the _____ found _____ rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him into the ark." Genesis viii

J
46 122 12 134 172 180 88
Part of a roof.

K
192 148 34 24 170
Work measured in terms of the quantity of heat to which it is equivalent.

L
212 66 44 140 156 92 20 210 127 182
Intensive form of anything.

Across

1. Tasty Scandanavian in American Literature? (11, 4)

31. Popeye's servant hustled, it seems, to a city in Burma.

39. Cut Amundsen out. Send to a city in Argentina.

61. Drying chamber found around in Darwinian evolution.

66. Listen! Tea broth is mixed for teenagers' beloved. (5, 5)

91. Raw clod or icy conflict? (4, 3)

99. Burial place for a little saint? It's most serious.

121. Theme holds current, but a large knife will cut it.

129. Three fold mixed up sword handle? An artifact of three stones?

151. A hundred on shield band and minute particle good for one's soul.

162. The English doctor and the commanding officer search thoroughly.

181. A groat in political speechmaking.

189. Lid up for TV award? It's perplexing.

211. Wreck in Spain Gov? No, an area in China. (7, 8)

Down

1. Fearful humor in hard covers? Not at all. Tawdry periodical. (6, 5, 4)

3. A hundred and fifty gone and so freeze.

5. Lone man.

7. Curtail celebration for a crooner.

9. Rot or spinner?

11. People who use these sheltered waters may chat in bays.

13. See, Mr., I'm all wet. Dunk?

15. Reservation sign for an Indian or for the bold? (4, 3, 3, 5)

80. Swing holds ten with ease for a bribe.

123. Able to say goodbye in song.

133. Lou Gehrig in manor. (4, 3)

157. Singe an Italian political leader.

159. Command for the German.

176. European found in Grandma's lavender.

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has been a steady "journey," an ever-exploratory adventure. In today's materialistic climate, so largely based on imitation of America, Osaragi feels that the Japanese life journey has been sorely vitiated. It is no accident that his two most sympathetic characters say this in so many words at the end of the book. Professor Segi, the wise, humorous philosopher who is far more interested in what is going on around him now than in his academic subject, paleography, longs for a return to individualism. "Each of us is given a journey to travel," Segi says, "and if we attach due value to our lives the journey is quite a long one. . . . Of course there is always the difficulty of being crushed by the practical difficulties of life. But if we have the sort of nature that enables us to get clear of these difficulties, to stick out our tongues at them, so to speak—well, then, we have the possibility of developing. Planning and calculation will get us nowhere." And Taeko Okamoto, the heroine, having sorrowfully renounced her gambling, get-rich-quick, calculating lover, but only after pointing out to him the emptiness of his ambitions, is aware, even as she declares her willingness to accept "cheerful poverty," that "she must not stand still on the road, but must keep on walking. . . . depending on the very strength that motion gave her."

Osaragi writes as Japanese artists paint landscapes. He uses a broad canvas, on which every last detail of the brush has meaning. Circumstance and coincidence, so often contrived, seem natural, both in tragic and comic context. There is something in his technique that is reminiscent of both Jules Romains' *Men of Good Will* and John Dos Passos' *U.S.A.* Characters weave in and out of the book, their paths cross and recross, as often by chance as by design. There are plots and counterplots and counterpoints, themes and subthemes, yet one moves from event to event as in a well-executed serial—which is, in fact, the form in which the novel was originally published.

PROFESSOR SEGI is not so much against America as against Japanese who imitate Americans. "Things go wrong in the process of translation from the American into the Japanese," he declares. "If you look round in a trolley, for instance, you're quite likely to see Americans who really do have tender feelings. There's something tender about the way they give their arms to a girl. But when a young Japanese man does the same thing, it's all unutterably false. . . . What can be worse than pure etiquette without any spirit behind it? . . . This is a period of insincerity, and people think they can get by without being sincere. And I don't mean only in matters of love. . . . I know that materialism is fashionable these days, but I get my pleasure out of finding spring in an ordinary blade of grass that happens to appeal to me."

What Segi wants is for the Japanese to recover their own sense of

"the wonder of the world"—to re-establish their own definition of life's "journey." There is irony here, both romantic and historical. The noted imitators, the assimilators, have been hoist by their own petard. General MacArthur's Japan has outdone itself, and been done in. Nineteenth-century liberal concepts of democracy, so eagerly inculcated by the occupation authorities, have gone somewhat awry as less attractive twentieth-century influences have come to bear. This is not a political novel, but it is full of political as well as artistic meaning. To read it is not only to comprehend present-day Japan but to wonder anew about the meeting of East and West.

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The Cities That Are Paris

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

PARIS, by John Russell. With photographs by Brassaï. *Viking. $5.*

When somebody writes a book about Paris there is no use comparing it with other books about Paris, giving it good or bad marks. John Russell's book happens to be modest and sensible—only a modest author would permit Brassaï's forty-two untricky and lovely photographs to be constantly luring the reader's attention from the text; only a sensible one would limit his description of the city to his own interests and mood—but this book, like all the others about Paris, comes to us like a post card written from a café table, just as delightfully, just as usefully. The books, the post cards, set the memory and the imagination to work. That is all they can do. Their descriptions cannot create reality, they can only joggle a set of kaleidoscopic images, notions that already exist even when the city whose re-creation is attempted lies buried in African sands or Mayan jungle. With dead cities, it is clear, all archaeological reconstruction—ground plan, projected elevation—serves only to stimulate, in the modern mind which can have no direct knowledge, images that are entirely literary and wholly romantic. In the case of Paris, a city that continues to live, direct memories, for thousands of American tourists and thousands of American soldiers in two wars, are superimposed on the literary, the romantic, and the historical. These memories create in the returned traveler the illusion that he knows Paris, that he has succeeded in immobilizing the city like a fly in amber, while all he has done is to preserve a vision of himself. All sense of time deserts him save of time past. Because he once strolled in the Allée des Acacias he is convinced that once he saw Swann walking with Odette; because he was introduced by a barman to Pissarro's son, or nephew, or at any rate a relative, he is certain that he once heard Monet talking art to Manet; because he worked for a day in a press agency near the Bourse he believes that he has been immersed in the world of Balzac's avid financiers; because he dined with a Napoleonic baron ("Napogogo"), he updates Saint-Simon's tedious genealogies with a sense of shared snobbishness and malice; because he once stood before the statue of Our Lady in the cathedral on the island, he is certain—well, not entirely—that for the moment all veils were parted, all obscurities removed, and that with Paul Verlaine, hesitant and humble, he stood in the brightest light of charity. He is what Mr. Russell calls the professional rememberer, a bore to all but himself.

IT IS for such as he—as Verlaine would say: for you, my brother—that Mr. Russell writes, offering sights, facts, and comments, thus supplying a pack of cards with which the rememberer can play his solitaire. He discusses Haussmann's Second Empire creation of those Grands Boulevards which made modern Paris, and off one goes searching, in vain, for the café in which Courteline's heroes for hours on end monopolized the newspaper, the writing materials, the directory, the set of dominoes, all for the price of one drink. (The café has been replaced by a milk bar.) He evokes the history of the Palais Royal, and one is lunching again at the Grand Vefour, contrasting the orgies of the Duc d'Orléans with the presence—she was still there—of Colette, her mind at the end quietly turning to memories of gardens, flowers, and seasons. He walks along the quays inspecting the bookstalls, and one leans over the parapet while the tugs lower their smokestacks as they draw the barges beneath the bridge.

In places Mr. Russell speaks of a strange new Paris that we rememberers have never seen. This cannot be helped; indeed it does not disturb us in the slightest.

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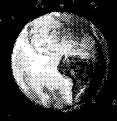

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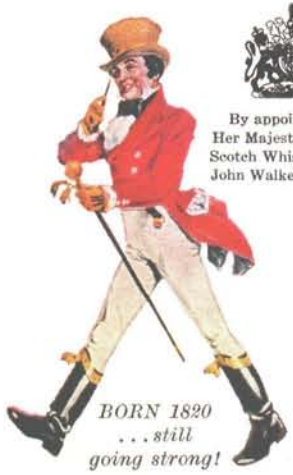

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